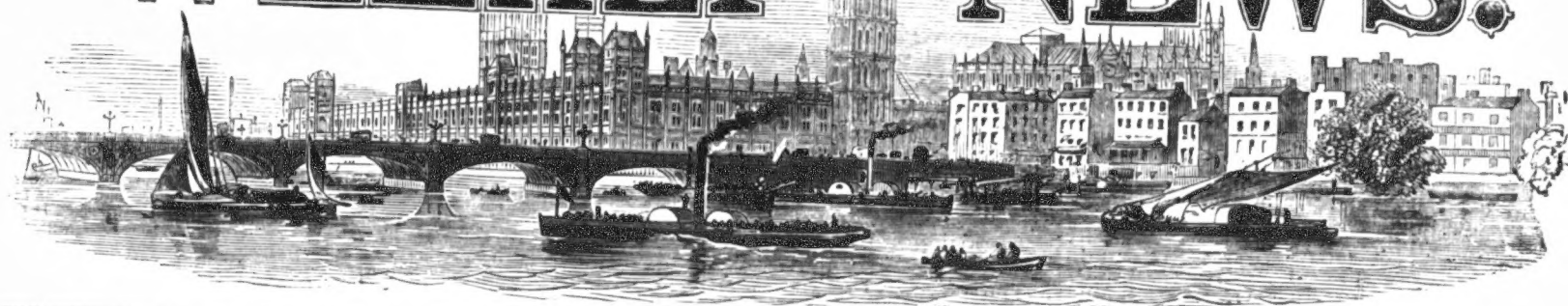


PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

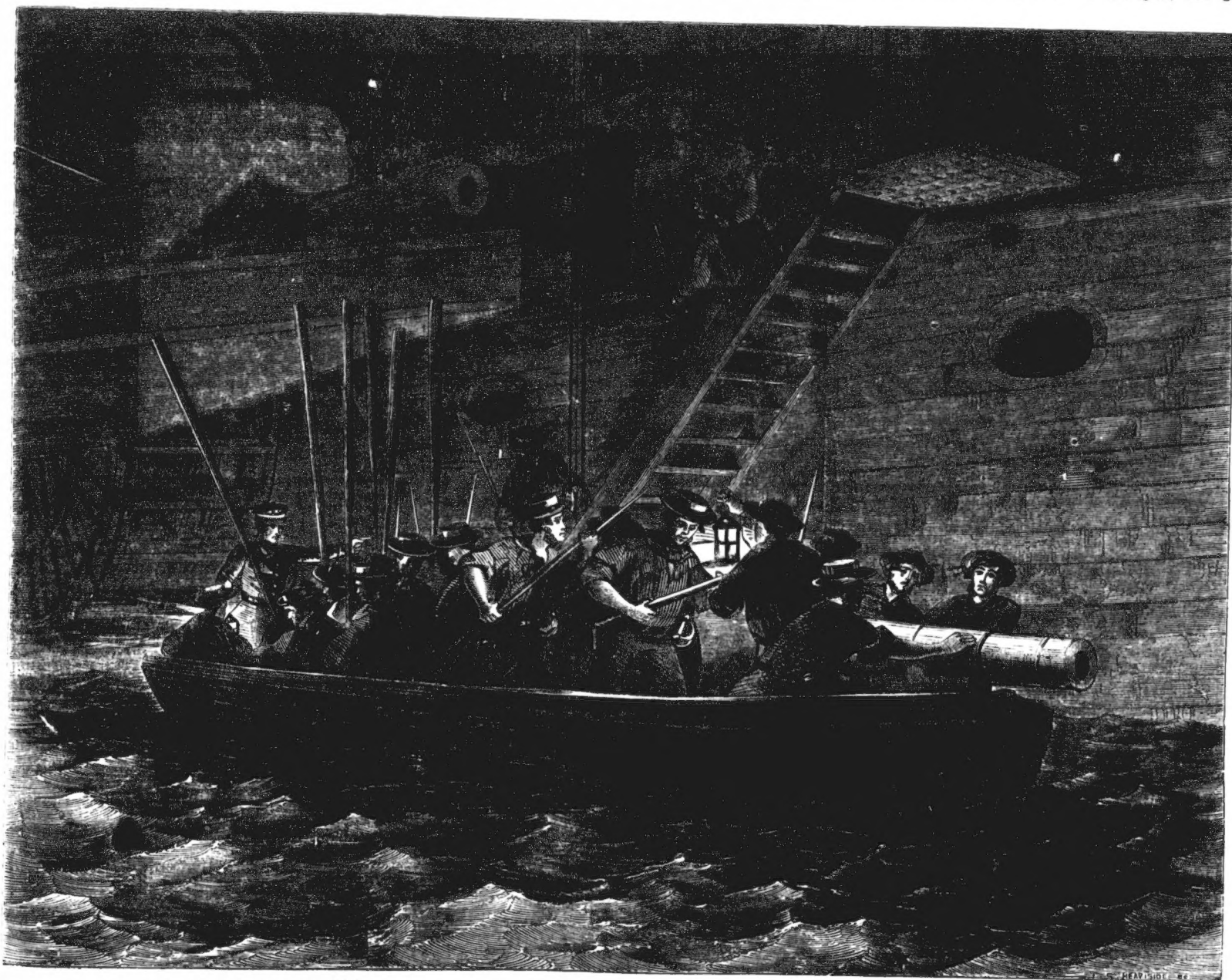
THE NAVAL FIGHT AT MOBILE.

The illustration we give below depicts a boat's crew of the United States fleet taking soundings previous to Admiral Farragut forcing the passage of Mobile harbour, which is thus described by the correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from New Orleans:—

"It seems unnecessary to state that the admiral had, before going into the fight, exhausted the means at his command for the greatest possible protection of his vessels. With the experience gained in his Mississippi battle, and with the aid of that of his officers, to say nothing of his own natural foresight and ability, he had prepared his ships against the attacks of the enemy as perfectly as was in the power of man. Some were partially mailed with chains, and, in addition, to secure the greatest practicable safety, the admiral adopted the expedient of lashing his vessels together by two. The object of this was to prevent the entire plan of battle becoming disarranged by the crippling of one ship; for even if one were disabled, her consort could still tow her along, either

into action or elsewhere. The merits of the expedient were made apparent in this fight in the case of the *Onesida*, which, though disabled, was towed by the vessel lashed to her out of harm's way, and clear from the remainder of the fleet. On Wednesday morning the fleet was signalled to action. The day was as beautiful as could have been desired, and seemed in itself an omen of success. At precisely eight o'clock the attack was opened. The four monitors, the *Chickasaw*, *Tecumseh*, *Winnebago*, and *Manhattan*, were in the advance, and were followed by the wooden vessels in pairs, as stated above. The leading wooden ship was the *Brooklyn*, and she was followed by the *Hartford*. No sooner was the fleet fairly in motion than the enemy opened upon us a tremendous fire from Forts Gaines and Morgan. The rebel ram *Tennessee* and her consorts also went to work at the same time. But little attention was paid to this cannonade until within close gunshot of the rebel forts, when our fleet opened with broadsides. The guns of Fort Morgan and of the water battery were speedily silenced, and our vessels passed into the bay. Almost simultaneously with the entrance of Farragut's fleet into the open water beyond

Fort Morgan, the monitor *Tecumseh* ran upon a torpedo and was instantly blown up. It seemed as though she was raised clear from the water. She sunk immediately, and with her nearly all her crew. Only ten persons escaped, they being picked up by our boats under fire; 100 men, it is estimated, went down with the *Tecumseh*. This unfortunate occurrence, however, did not deter the remainder of the fleet from completing the job in hand. The next thing in order was to destroy the rebel fleet, and to this end all our vessels directed their efforts. The *Selma* was captured after a short struggle and while attempting to escape by the *Metacombet*. At the same time the remainder of our fleet, the wooden ships having cast off from each other, turned their attention to the *Tennessee*, which boldly directed its movements toward running down our vessels. After a hammer-and-longe fight at short range, Admiral Farragut, desiring to bring the engagement to a close, ran the *Hartford* into close quarters and directly for the monster. The *Monongahela* also bore down upon her, and struck her amidships, causing her to reel like a drunken man. The *Hartford* rushed down upon her at full speed, and grasp-



THE AMERICAN WAR.—FEDERAL BOAT FITTING OUT AT NIGHT TO TAKE SOUNDINGS IN MOBILE HARBOUR.

pled with her, at the same time pouring in a broadside. The Tennessee almost immediately surrendered. On being boarded it was discovered that a large portion of her crew had been killed or wounded. Among the latter was the flag officer of the rebel fleet, Admiral Buchanan, who was shot through the leg, a little below the knee. Amputation was necessary, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether the operation, if not already performed, will be of any avail, as he is said to be in a critical condition. He is now at Pensacola. With the capture of the Tennessee the hard work of the opening movements against Mobile was finished. The rebel iron-clads Morgan and Gaines ran under the guns of Fort Morgan; it is said the latter is aground. The killed and wounded are about 250. The greatest loss of life was by the sinking of the Tennessee. As for the injuries to our fleet they are trifling in comparison with what it is feared they might be. The Onida received a terrible blow from the ram of the Tennessee, and was run into shoal water to keep her from sinking. The Hartford, I regret to state, was also severely injured, though the worst wounds the gallant old vessel received were not from the enemy. In the confusion caused by the smoke of battle, and while she was at close quarters with the Tennessee, she sustained a tremendous blow from the Meacomb, intended for the rebel ram. The Hartford had swung around directly in the path of the Meacomb, whose commander did not see the flag-ship until he struck her. It is said that the Hartford will be sent north for repairs. Let her have a grand voyage when she does come. During the whole fight Admiral Farragut maintained a position which betrays, not only the consummate daring of the man, but his thorough appreciation of all the strategic characteristics of his profession. Before going into action he caused himself to be habited to the rigging of the Hartford, whence by a speaking trumpet, ranging to the deck, he communicated his orders to those below, and thence to the rest of the fleet. From this elevated position he was enabled to discover every movement of the rebel fleet, and to direct the course of his vessels correspondingly, as well as in regard to the batteries on shore. He did not descend until the last gun was fired and victory was established. The station of the fleet pilot was similar to that of the admiral. He was also lashed to the rigging, and thence was enabled to communicate to his associates the necessary directions. The despatch boat Philippe was burnt, not in the action, but outside the harbour, and within sight of our fleet. What caused the catastrophe is unknown, and mystery also involves the fate of her crew. It is believed, however, that they escaped in open boats, to our vessels in the Mississippi Sound.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE following is the chief portion of the article of the *New York Herald*, published on the 13th inst., advocating a six months' armistice, and the appointment of Federal commissioners to proceed to Richmond, with a view to arranging conditions of peace:—

"In the present state of affairs, if we can do nothing more, it is all important to the safety of the country and the administration that we should place the leaders of the rebellion clearly in the wrong before their own people and the civilized world, and the Government as clearly in the right before all the people of the loyal States in the further prosecution of this dreadful war. We can do this through a special embassy of three peace commissioners to Richmond, if we can do no more. We believe, however, that through a movement of this kind, comprehending an armistice of six months, and a convention of all the States, subject to such conditions and ratifications as may be hereafter agreed upon, we can secure a permanent peace upon the basis of the Union and the constitution. Let us suppose, for instance, that Mr. Lincoln, assuming this responsibility for the sake of peace, and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, has detailed three peace commissioners to Richmond with these simple propositions:—First, for an armistice for six months; and, second, for a convention of all the States, to consist of one delegate from each Congressional district, and two additional delegates at large from each State; and that said convention, thus constituted, shall meet, say in Baltimore, on the first Monday in December next, to consider the ways and means for peace—could anything, in any event, but the greatest advantages result to the Union side of the house? No. Rejected or accepted, the loyal States and the Government have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this undertaking. If Jefferson Davis, his Cabinet and Congress, accept the armistice and the convention, we shall still retain under the first our blockade, and all the forts and places wrested from the enemy as now held by our land and naval forces; and if the convention shall come to nothing, we shall be in a position to resume the war, with all, and more than all, the advantages which we now command. But we have great faith in the opinion that the representatives of the rebellious States, in being brought into familiar council with those of the loyal States, where they will be relieved of the despotic authority of Davis, will be so charmed with the suspension of the war that they will find a treaty of peace and reunion, satisfactory to the North and to the South, an easy achievement. It is probable that Davis may reject the convention; it is possible that he may reject the armistice, or couple its acceptance with preposterous conditions of Southern independence; but the overture suggested will compel him to show his hand, and if he shall finally refuse to listen to any propositions of peace, except upon the basis of a Southern Confederacy, all doubts, all divisions, and all discords among the people of the loyal States will be at an end. The Copperhead peace faction will be disarmed and powerless for further mischief, the North will be united, and divisions and dissensions will break out in the South. Let it be made to appear to those people, in their present crippled, exhausted, and desperate position, under Davis, that the Government does not seek their subjugation to an abolition idea, or their destruction, but a reclamation and salvation in the Union, and President Lincoln will soon realize the former advantages of this peace movement. It will serve the country and make sure his reelection, accepted or rejected at Richmond; but, short of some concession to public opinion, he may now even read the handwriting upon the wall. Surely, after having been so far led astray and betrayed, as Mr. Lincoln has been, by such treacherous guides as Ben. Wade and Winter Davis, he must now be in a frame of mind to listen to good advice."

DEATH THROUGH THE UPSKIPPING OF A CUP OF TEA.—On Saturday afternoon, Mr. A. A. Fletcher, coroner, held an inquest at Walsall, touching the death of Elizabeth Tomlinson, a child three-and-a-half years of age, the daughter of a weaver. The child, while at the breakfast table, accidentally upset a cup full of hot tea over her chest, arms, and side, and extensive inflammation being caused she was taken to the Cottage Hospital, and there died. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

TRIED ON HIS BOARDING-HOUSE.—A prisoner of war advertised from Johnson's Island, in a New York journal, for a substitute to take his place in the military prison there:—"Wanted.—A substitute to stay here in my place. He must be thirty years old; have a good moral character; A 1 digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such an one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations, and non-disturbed watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12 Johnson's Island Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, enclosing half a dozen postage stamps.—ASA HARTZ."

FOR TOOTHACHE.—Tio-coloreux, Faceache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tio Pile. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box by post fourteen stamps, Emsall, chemist, Clapham-road.—(Adt.)

Notes of the Week

EXCURSION BOATS AND TRAINS BY THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY FROM BRIGHTON, TO THE CHATHAM AND DOVER FROM CALIS, ARRAS, &c., ran on Sunday to the Crystal Palace. With both of these excursions 800 or 900 persons availed themselves of this opportunity of visiting the Palace, and nothing could exceed the delight and satisfaction of these French visitors at witnessing for the first time (as most of them did) the Palace and its contents. The great fountains were played, Mr. Coxwell made a balloon ascent, the London Gymnastic Society competed for prizes, and the band of the Coldstream Guards and that of a French band added to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

An alarming accident took place this morning on the main line of the Midland Railway at Stately Station, near Chesterfield, which it is feared will be attended with fatal results to the Post-office guard who had charge of the mails. The train leaving Leeds in the morning at three a.m. had proceeded to Stately without anything unusual having occurred. The mail trains do not stop at this station, and as the driver saw the signal indicating that the line was clear, he went on at full speed, and the engine dashed into the goods train from Derby, which, by an error on the part of the pinsteman, had been shunted across the main line instead of into a siding to await the passage of the mail. A awful crash was the consequence. The engine completely cut the goods train in two, and several carriages were shivered. As we write we have no precise particulars of the accident, but it is beyond question that the Post-office van was turned completely over, and the officer in charge of the mails received such injuries that his life is despaired of. The line was completely blocked, causing the stoppage of the whole of the trains beyond the usual time.—*Nottingham Guardian.*

THE crew belonging to the fishing-smack "Lunacy," on returning to Barking on Monday, reported to their owner the loss of the captain and mate under the following melancholy circumstances:—It appeared that while fishing off the coast of Holland the nets were drawn, and a dispute having arisen between the captain (Dunbar) and the mate (Ryan) as to the part of the deck on which the fish should be placed, the former struck the latter. Both immediately closed, and in their struggle for mastery both rolled overboard. An alarm was given by one of the crew who had witnessed the melancholy occurrence and all hands were immediately on deck to render assistance. The time at which the unfortunate occurrence took place was half-past eleven o'clock on a very dark night. Not a trace of the unfortunate men was observed, nor had their bodies been found when the boat came away. The sad affair is rendered more melancholy by the fact of both the men having left behind wives and families who were solely dependent on their exertions.

We learn by telegram, from our Dublin correspondent, that Mr. John McCrossan, solicitor, of Omagh, county Tyrone, died yesterday morning from injuries inflicted on Saturday evening, by a coach-builder named McLoughlin against whom he had acted as solicitor in a trifling case at the last assizes. Mr. McCrossan was walking past McLoughlin's house, in Omagh, when an iron rod, six feet long, having a hook with a barbed point, was thrust out of the window of the second story and plunged into his throat lifting him off the ground, and inflicting a dreadful wound. Mr. McCrossan lingered in great agony until five o'clock this morning, when he expired. McLoughlin is in custody.

EXECUTIONS IN ROME.

A LETTER from Rome has the following:—"On Wednesday morning a scaffold was erected on the usual open space opposite the Temple of Vesta for the decapitation of two murderers and robbers, on an ex-brigand and the other an ex-Pontifical soldier. It had been expected that the Castle Guard medal on the breast of the latter would have sufficed to save him from the extreme penalty of the law; but the crime he committed, the murder and robbery of a woman with whose husband he had become acquainted in prison, was too atrocious to justify any degree of lenity. As to the brigand, although only twenty-two years of age, he had perpetrated manifold homicides in the Abruzzi, his native province, before seeking the hospitable refuge of his Holiness's dominions. The quiet life of a vine labourer on the Monte Mario, after his exploits in the rebellious bands of the frontier, was too monotonous to require relief in some deed of blood, and he was accordingly brought up on three sanguinary counts combining old-blooded cruelty with the rapacity of plunder. On the scaffold he displayed as much indifference to his own life as he had previously shown with regard to the lives of his victims. He mounted the steps firmly, declined being blindfolded, and submitted his head fearlessly to the fatal axe. The soldier, in spite of his medal, showed less courage. He was dragged, half-living, to the spot by three of the executioner's assistants, and expired his crimes in a paroxysm of terror. It is customary at Rome for the heads of gillotined criminals to be placed on spikes at the corners of the scaffold. This ceremony was performed on the present occasion, and gave rise to a very serious disturbance among the spectators, the foremost of whom broke through the cordon of Pontifical troops drawn around the scaffold to gaze more freely on the truncated gore-dripping heads. While so engaged, these lovers of horrible sights were seized with a sudden panic on seeing the brigand's head, not firmly planted on the spike, drop off and roll at their feet. There was a *saute qui pout* which rendered the more alarming and dangerous from the fact that the troops, having reformed their line, charged upon the mob with fixed bayonets to drive them from before the scaffold. A number of people were thrown down, wounded, or trampled on in this melee, and it is even asserted that one or two lives were lost in the crush."

THE EARLY DAYS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—At the dinner given to celebrate the opening of the Exeter, Tynemouth, and Wigan Railway, Mr. Oliver Heywood, in proposing "The Landowners," said he remembered travelling by rail when passengers had to give their names, and spell them, in order to their being written on a large green paper ticket; when between Liverpool and Manchester there was a long stay at Newton, in order that passengers might refresh themselves with Eccle cakes. (Laughter.) A "guide" to the line to London cost 5s., and there was a charge of 2s. 6d. The former told the number of bricks in the Killybeg and Waford tunnels, and how they were forced on the company by the landowners of the neighbourhood. Now landowners knew their interests to be identical with the railway companies. He had heard that the London and North-Western Company carried in London daily, two tons of watercresses and a ton of mushrooms. (Laughter.)

A BRAVE WOMAN.—Some few days ago some very young children were playing in a boat in Falmouth Harbour. A little boy, between two and three years of age, overbalanced himself, and fell into a depth of five or six feet of water. The accident being observed by two women, they both instinctively rushed into the river to his rescue. One of them, however, finding herself getting beyond her depth, retired, but the other woman, named Sally Stiggins, wife of one of the lifeboat crew, pushed forward and swam a few feet to the child's rescue. She caught him some depth below the surface, and as he was sinking, and afterwards safely brought him ashore. The child was found to be nearly insensible, and must have perished in the absence of Mrs. Stiggins courageous conduct. Her husband has been for some years past one of the lifeboat crew, and has often assisted in saving life from shipwreck.

Foreign News

FRANCE.

Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister of Marine, has addressed a letter to the maritime prefects, severely censuring a scandalous scene which recently took place on board a transport vessel belonging to the French navy on the occasion of the ceremony of crossing the line; not only were the priest passengers, in their canonical apparel, forced to take part in the burlesque ceremonial, but the whole proceedings were a parody on religion itself. The Minister instructed the prefects to call on captains of vessels to prohibit in the ceremonies in question everything of a nature to outrage the respect due to religion and the sacred character of its ministers. The trial of Jacques Lator and Audouy, for the murder of Mde. Bugad de Lussalle and his three servants, at the Castle of Ballard, has concluded. Lator was condemned to death, and Audouy to hard labour for life. The particulars of the case were given in last week's issue of this journal.

ROME.

It is stated by the *Independence Belge* that the Austrian ambassador at Rome has had an interview with King Francis II, and has strongly urged the latter to quit Rome provisionally. "This confirms," says the Belgian journal, "a statement made by another of our correspondents, that France would act through Vienna in inducing King Francis to give up his residence at Rome. If in this matter Austria has acted in this sense, it is because, without denying the principles of her traditional policy, she knows how to accommodate it to circumstances. She will also have particularly at heart the object of taking from France the pretext of the more energetic attitude which it is said, the latter power is ready to assume towards the Court of Rome."

AMERICA.

Admiral Farragut's official report of the operations at Mobile on the 5th recounts that his fleet of eighteen frigates and Monitors, lashed two and two together, moving in close order, ran up to Fort Morgan, and at short range poured in broadside after broadside of grape and caulster, driving the artillerymen from their guns, silencing the fort and covering the passage of the fleet into the harbour, excepting the Monitor Tennessee, which was blown up by a torpedo, and sunk with nearly all on board. The vessels then separated and attacked the Confederate fleet, consisting of the ram Tennessee and the gunboats Selma, Morgan, and Gaines. The Selma was speedily captured, and the Morgan and Gaines driven into shoal water, but the Tennessee fought the whole Federal fleet for one hour and a half, and only surrendered when disabled in her rudder, and a combined movement was made by the Federals to run her down. The Federal loss is stated at 250; that of the Confederates at 800, principally prisoners captured on board the Selma and the Tennessee. Farragut's ships, the Hartford and Onida, were disabled, and the Philippe burnt during the action.

General Canby, at New Orleans, officially reports that Fort Gaines surrendered to General Grainger, commanding the land forces co-operating with Admiral Farragut, on the 8th, with 550 men, 818 men, 26 guns, and one year's provisions; also, that Fort Powell, mounting 18 guns, was abandoned by the Confederates and occupied by the Federals on the same day.

The *Richmond Whig* of the 12th declares that with the reduction of Fort Gaines, Powell, and even Morgan, but a very small portion of the work before the Federals at Mobile will be accomplished, and that there will yet remain a succession of formidable earthworks upon either side of the bay, and numerous obstructions and torpedoes in its bottom, for a distance of thirty miles, to be overcome and removed before the city can be reached.

EXECUTION AT GLOUCESTER.

THE final sentence of the law was carried into effect at Gloucester, on Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, on Lewis Gough, aged fifty-five, who murdered the poor old blind woman, named Mary Curley, at Budgway, about ten miles from Bristol. From the evidence at the trial it appeared that Gough had formed an attachment to his victim while her husband was alive, and at his death wanted to live with her. She refused, partly, as she told Gough, on the ground that she should lose a pension of £10 a year granted to her from the Bristol Asylum for the Blind. Gough, who was lame and a stone-breaker on the roads, was jealous of a man named Pritchard, for whose sake he fancied the poor woman refused him. The criminal's own confession was in these words:—"On the 15th of November I caught Pritchard in her house. She was in her garden. I told her about the keeper Pritchard. She said to me, 'If you're not off I'll run a knife through you,' and with that I quietly left the garden. On Monday night I went to the door. She came out. She said she would go and fetch the constable. She had fastened the gate leading to the garden. She brought the key to unfasten it. She stooped down to unlock it, and as she was in the act of rising up after swooping, I hit her with the hammer, and stunned her. I then took out the razor from my pocket, and cut her throat. I left her then, and went back to my lodgings, and sat by the fire till three o'clock in the morning. When I went back and had a look at her, I saw she was dead, and I made off." A memorial was sent to the Home Secretary praying for the commutation of the capital sentence, but Sir George Grey saw no grounds for interfering. Since the condemnation Gough has paid, apparently, earnest attention to the chaplain, the Rev. A. L. Dudley, and has been brought to a more fitting sense of his own condition. While in the gaol awaiting trial he had learned to read, and it is to be hoped understood the Bible. He told the prison officers he had only been in a church three times in his life, and that his Sundays were spent in drinking and idleness. His brother had a final interview with him, and was much affected, but Gough himself was quite unmoved. His sister did not see him, owing to her ill-health. During the whole of the previous night hundreds of persons congregated in front of the gaol to see the erection of the scaffold, which was draped with black cloth, so that the body of the criminal was scarcely visible after the drop had fallen. The sacrament was administered to the culprit, and soon afterwards he went to bed and slept very soundly all night, until five o'clock. The chaplain arrived an hour after, and remained with him in prayer alone until half-past six. The culprit then ate a very hearty breakfast of bread and cheese and coffee, and at a quarter past seven, the sheriff, C. C. Craven, Esq., and the under-sheriff, Mr. Burrow, arrived at the gaol, and visited the cell where the criminal had been confined. Calcraft at once proceeded with the platoon, on the completion of which the procession was formed, headed by the sheriff; Captain Cartwright (the governor) followed with the culprit and the chaplain, both engaged in prayer. He then rose, and Calcraft having placed the cap upon the head and drawn it over the face, adjusted the rope and left the scaffold. The drop fell immediately, and the wretched man died almost without a struggle. There were upwards of 18,000 persons present; perfect order prevailed, the most ample police arrangements having been made by Superintendent Griffin, assisted by Mr. Nicholls, deputy chief constable of Cheltenham. The last execution at Gloucester was in 1839.

A CAPITAL WRITING OAK for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-elig stamps) fitted with Writing paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, BOTTLE-BRUSH, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER CUP, was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

Two women have been found dead in a house in Mile-end, New town, under extraordinary circumstances. A man, much exhausted from want of food, in a half idiotic state of mind, and crouching under a bed, was discovered at the same time in an adjoining room. The women prove to be sisters, named Frances Backingham and Mary Gribbin, about forty and thirty years of age respectively, and the man, John Backingham, was the husband of the elder of the two, the younger woman being a widow. Backingham, the husband, who is about forty-five, though he looks much older, was for nearly twenty years employed in the General Post-office as a letter-sorter and stamper. About twelve months ago he became slightly paralyzed on the right side, from, it is said, the work of letter-stamping, and retired from the service on a pension of 40l a year, or about 15s a week. He had been married to his late wife for upwards of twenty-eight years, and during the last eight years they had resided in one of a pretty row of cottages, with flower-gardens in front, in the hamlet of Mile-end, called Albert-cottages, occupying the upper floor, which consisted of two rooms, and a kitchen. The women without family. Mrs. Gribbin, the widowed sister, lived in the neighbourhood, and occasionally visited the Backinghams. She had lately been staying with her mother, who died about a fortnight ago. The man Backingham is said to be a quiet inoffensive creature, whose mind has given way in the wear and tear of life. Of late he had become negligent in his dress, which was unusual with him. Although technically superannuated, he was discontented at being out of work and longed for some employment. For some time past he wished much to live in the country, which he was urged to do, but he was wont to say he could not persuade his wife to go with him. The agent for the cottage in which they lived had recently given them notice to quit, not on account of any arrears of rent, for that they always paid punctually, but of the conduct of the wife, which gave offense to some of the neighbours. The notice expired a fortnight ago, but they did not leave. The husband begged for time on the ground that he had not got another house, and it was the agent's intention to have ejected them on Monday, but whether or not they knew that does not at present appear. If they did, it was a circumstance not likely to occasion them much concern, for they were not without means. Mrs. Backingham was last seen alive on Tuesday week by some of the neighbours, and her sister on the following day. The man had not been seen by any one since that Tuesday. On the afternoon of Thursday week Mr. Ware, the rent collector, called to see them, but receiving no answer when he knocked he went away. He called again on the Friday afternoon, but with the same result. Suspecting something amiss he consulted Mr. Nicholson, a neighbour, later in the evening, and they, with the bridle and some others, entered the house about ten o'clock, with a lighted candle. A key which Mr. Nicholson had in his possession opened the door. On the floor of the front or sitting room the dead body of Mrs. Backingham lay on its back with the head across the threshold of the bedroom, which adjoins. It was dressed, but the clothes were in disorder. The hands were by the side, and mucus was issuing from the nose and mouth. Some copper, a soda-water bottle, and other things were strewn about the floor, and a table in the middle of the room bore signs of what some of the persons making the examination called a coronal. The lifeless body of the young sister was found in a kneeling attitude, and with the head and arms leaning on a couch. It was fully dressed, including the bonnet. On entering the bedroom Mr. Backingham, the husband, was found with only his shirt on, partly under the bed, and with his head under a washstand. To questions they put to him he gave only incoherent answers, from which nothing could be deduced as to how the women might have come by their deaths. The only intelligible remark he made was that he had been without food for three days, he being paralyzed, they assisted in dressing him, and then had him removed to the house of a relative in the neighbourhood. A surgeon, who had been brought in the meantime, was of opinion that the women had been dead some time. Footsteps were heard on the Friday by the neighbours below in the apartments of the Backinghams. After these discoveries the house was shut up in the state in which it was found. More than one surgeon saw the bodies, but they declined to give an opinion as to the cause of death until a proper examination could be made. At present the prevailing opinion in the neighbourhood is that the women died from poison. A staircase window was found half open when an entry was made into the house by the neighbours, but no one appears to think that the deaths resulted from a burglary, though it is rumoured that things of value are missing from the house. For that, if it be true, it is said that the habits of the women themselves might account.

THE INQUEST.

Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, opened an inquiry on Monday at the Crown and Lock Tavern, Deal-street, Mile-end New-town, upon view of the bodies of Mrs. Francis Backingham and Mrs. Mary Ann Gribbin.

The jury having been empanelled, proceeded to view the bodies of the deceased, and the place where they had been found. Albert-cottages form a tastefully-built row of houses, the property of the Metropolitan Chambers Company. The house lately inhabited by the Backinghams consisted of two floors, the upper one being that occupied by them. They did not rent the whole cottage, but the upper floor, or flat, was complete in itself, and was divided into a back and front parlour, communicating by a door, and a kitchen and water-closet. The front room was that in which the bodies of the two sisters were found—that of Mrs. Gribbin being in a kneeling attitude, near the door communicating with the staircase; and that of Mrs. Backingham lying near the door between the two rooms, and her head partly in the doorway. It was in the back room that the husband of the latter was found lying nearly naked on the floor. The rooms were amply furnished with solid mahogany articles, and gave the impression that the abode was that of a respectable family in easy circumstances.

John Backingham was the first witness called. He said, in answer to questions, that he now lived at 88, Bland-street, South-west, but that he did live in Albert-cottages. He was a retired Government officer. He was a pensioner on the Post-office. Frances Backingham was his wife. He did not know how old she was. She was, perhaps, thirty-one. He left Albert-cottages on Friday about ten o'clock. He left his wife behind him alive at Albert-cottages.

Coroner: Do you know whether she had been ill or well? Witness: No, sir.

Coroner: Do you recollect anything taking place two or three days before? Witness: No, sir. I had nothing to eat on Thursday or Friday last, but I had something small on Wednesday. My wife's sister, Mary Ann Gribbin, was staying there a few days. Witness left her in the cottage, in the parlour, alone.

Coroner: Do you know if she had been ill? Witness: No, sir. I had seen them three days before, and they were quite well. The witness said she had not got food, for he was too paralyzed. He wife got him into bed. It took him eight hours to do anything.

The Coroner said it was quite useless to go on with the examination of this witness.

Mr. Robert Nicholson, 20, Underwood-street, Mile-end New-town, said that he was a carpet planner. He was overseer of the parish. Mary Ann Gribbin was his wife's sister. She was the widow of the leader of the band at Asley's—James Gribbin. She was forty years of age. Mrs. Backingham was about two or three years older. They were sisters. On the Friday night a communication was made to him, and, accompanied by Mr. Ware and his (witness's) two brothers, he entered the house, 21, Albert-cottages. In the

front room upstairs they found Mrs. Gribbin kneeling on the floor her hand and head resting on a couch. Mrs. Backingham was also dead, and was lying on the floor. Mr. Backingham was lying on the floor under the bed in the back room. His mind was quite gone. It had been gone for some time. The deceased women had been given to habits of intoxication. Mr. Ware sent for a medical man, and the assistants of two gentlemen came. Witness then sent for Dr. Gayton, who saw the bodies in precisely the same position in which they had been found. Witness had not seen Mr. Backingham for a month or so. He had seen Mrs. Gribbin last, five or six weeks ago, and Mrs. Backingham about the same time.

Coroner: Did you ever hear Mrs. Gribbin threaten to injure Mrs. Backingham? Witness: No, sir, I have not. I took Mr. Backingham home at first, but my wife began to scold, and was so much affected that I had to send him to my brother's.

Coroner: Had he a lucid interval in which he could give any explanation of the occurrence? Witness: No, sir.

Mr. George Ware, of Albert-street Chambers, said that he collected the rents of the cottages. He first knocked at Mr. Backingham's without getting an answer on the Thursday. He wanted to see him about getting possession, as he (Backingham) was under notice to quit. Getting no answer, witness called again without success on the Friday. Afterwards he went into the house with Mr. Nicholson, and saw the deceased women lying dead on the floor. He did not see Mr. Backingham, as he ran for the police directly.

Mrs. Lydia Coazer, 46, Spicer-street, said that she knew the deceased for many years.

The Coroner: When did you last have some drink with them? Witness: Last Tuesday. Mr. Backingham came to me at ten in the morning to sit with his wife. I found Mrs. Backingham in the kitchen dressed. She had no undergarments on, only her gown. She had no petticoats or crinolines. She was sitting by the fire, and was not quite sober. She seemed to have been drinking over night. All three persons—Mrs. Gribbin, Mrs. Backingham, and Mr. Backingham, seemed to witness to have slept in one bed. Mrs. Gribbin came into the room with a blanket over her shoulders. She seemed in the same condition as her sister.

Coroner: The first thing of course was to get something more to drink? Witness: I fetched some beer at two o'clock. Nothing was got before two o'clock. Neither witness nor drink. Mrs. Gribbin was very sick. She had a pain in the stomach, and threw up some water she drank.

Coroner: But something was taken to keep the water down? Witness: Oh, no, sir. (Laughter.) Well, they had a quarter of gin to do her good, but I had none of it. There was no dinner except a little fried fish, of which I gave Mrs. Backingham a share. I left at nine at night.

Coroner: Did you go an entire day on only a quarter of gin and a pot of beer? Witness: I did not fetch any more. Mrs. Backingham did not dress before I left, and I do not think Backingham fetched any. Mrs. Gribbin was sitting on the sofa, and was ill. The flat consisted of a front and back room, and a kitchen and a water-closet.

Coroner: Did Mrs. Gribbin say what was the cause of her sickness? Witness: No, sir. Oh, I beg your pardon, she said it was from want. I suppose the want of victuals.

Coroner: I suppose no more drink was got because there was no money? Witness: Mrs. Gribbin had none, and Mrs. Backingham had only some halfpence. When I left Mrs. Backingham was pretty well. She told me to call the next morning, and I did so, but could get no answer when I rang and knocked. I never saw them alive after. Mr. Backingham was not a violent man—he was a comfortable man. I had no reason to believe the women would die when I left them on the Tuesday night. Mrs. Backingham had slippers, but no stockings on when I left her. Her legs were swollen.

Mr. Cobb said that this witness was the last person that saw the deceased alive.

Mr. Henry North, licensed victualler, said that Mr. Backingham came into his house, the Prince of Wales, Albert-street, and fetched half a gallon of beer on Tuesday night about eight o'clock. The next day the potman called for the can, and could not make any one hear.

Dr. William Gayton, 85, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, said: I was called to see the bodies of the deceased women on Friday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock. There did not appear to me to have been any struggle. I made a post mortem examination of both bodies. The body of Mrs. Backingham was apparently that of a much younger woman than that of Mrs. Gribbin, and was much less decomposed, in fact, scarcely at all. No marks of external violence, but on the left side (of the hypochondrium) there was a mark resembling that of a mustard poultice; and on the middle of the forehead there was a bruise which extended down to the bone. There was no corresponding mark on the skull. On the back of the head there was a similar extensive bruise, with effusion of serum between the scalp and cranium. The brain substance was apparently healthy. The liver was very large, and weighed nine or ten pounds. The colour of it was light buff, and it cut like cream cheese. The stomach, which appeared to be nearly empty, was removed unopened, and, with portions of the liver, &c., preserved for analysis. No trace of inflammation was found in the intestines, which were empty. The kidneys were granular; the spleen and the bladder were empty. I made a post mortem examination of the body of Mrs. Gribbin. It was that of a middle-aged stout woman. It was exceedingly dirty, especially the feet. There was slight rigor mortis. There was no appearance of violence. The face was very much discoloured, apparently from the position in which the body was found. The cornea were both very dull; but the pupils—rather dilated—could be seen through them. The left lateral incisor tooth of the upper jaw was loosened. The cuticle was peeling off all over the chest and abdomen, especially on the left side, on which the body had partly lain. The skull was carefully opened and the brain examined. The skull cap was from a quarter of an inch to half an inch in thickness. On the upper surface of the left hemisphere of the brain the arachnoid was somewhat opaque. The brain substance cut unusually firm, like a spirit drinker's. There was no odour of poison about the bodies. There was observed by myself and Dr. Woodman, who assisted me, a peculiar sweet spirituous odour, and we noticed the same in the case of Mrs. Backingham also.

The Coroner: After the result of this post mortem examination you would not wish to pronounce any opinion as to the cause of the deaths of the deceased until an analysis of the contents of the stomach had been made?

Witness said that he should certainly think such an analysis requisite before coming to any conclusion on the matter.

Coroner: Did you observe the glass bottle by the side of Mrs. Backingham when you entered the room?

Witness: No, sir; it was then on the sideboard.

Mr. Nicholson, recalled, said that when he entered the room he saw the bottle lying by the side of Mrs. Backingham. It was within reach of her hand, and it was empty. It seemed to him to have contained gin.

The bottle was a small glass one, such as is used by licensed victuallers.

The coroner adjourned the inquiry until a chemical analysis of the stomachs of the deceased women should be made.

DREADFUL MURDER THROUGH JEALOUSY.

On Monday morning, it having been rumoured that a man had murdered his wife, and that he would be brought before the magistrates at Clerkenwell Police-court for examination, the court and its approaches were crowded to excess by persons who were anxious to catch a sight of the prisoner and to hear the evidence.

Shortly after two o'clock the prisoner was brought up in the custody of Inspector Potter, of the G division, and placed at the bar before Mr. Barker, charged with having wilfully murdered his wife, Eliza Wilkinson, aged twenty-eight. He gave the name of Henry Wilkinson, aged twenty-nine, and described himself as a stone-mason's labourer, residing at 9, Cross-street, Hatton-garden, St. Andrew's. It appears that the prisoner and his wife had for some time past lived unhappily together, the sole cause for their doing so being, it is stated, jealousy. On Friday week they quarrelled very severely, but they made that up, and all went on happily till Sunday, when some friends came to see them. After drinking a little the unfortunate woman and her husband went to see some friends off by the last train on the Metropolitan railway, and there one of the friends killed the deceased. This seemed very much to exasperate the prisoner, who abused and threatened his wife and then struck her a fearful blow. Being afraid that he would still further ill-use her she went home, and asked a lodger to allow her to sleep with her. Her wish was complied with, and between the hours of one and two o'clock the prisoner came home, made use of most dreadful oaths and imprecations, went into the lodger's room, and pulled the wife out of bed by the hair of her head. He then kicked her and knocked her about, and after one of the kicks the unfortunate woman said, "You have now given me my death blow," and then rolled over, spoke no more, and died. After that he pulled her down into his apartment, and laid her dead by the side of her sleeping infants, one of them aged eight, the other four. Both the prisoner and the unfortunate woman are said to be highly respectable, the mother of the prisoner keeping a public-house at Lincoln, and the sister of the deceased keeping a similar house at Shepherd's Bush. When the prisoner was charged at the station by Acting Inspector Baldon, I G, he said that it was not the blows given the previous night that caused her death, but three given on the Friday night.

Mrs. Sarah Collier, of 9, Cross-street, Hatton-garden: I am the wife of John Collier, a seaman. I live in the same house as the prisoner, on the second floor, and the prisoner and his wife in the first floor back. At ten o'clock last night the prisoner's wife came into the house with me. She said she was afraid that her husband would beat her, and that he had had a drop to drink.

Mr. Barker: Was the wife at ten o'clock well and sober?

Witness: Yes; she was well and sober. The prisoner was not in the house then. I put her to bed in the same bed and in the same room as my aunt. I went to bed in the back room, and slept till twelve o'clock. All was quiet till that time, when I heard the prisoner on the stairs, and he came to my door. He knocked at my door and asked me if his wife was there. I said she was not. He then kicked at the front door, and asked if his wife was there. My aunt answered, and I thought she said she was there. The prisoner pushed open the door and went in. I heard a quarrel and a great confusion, and in a few seconds I went in. When I went in my aunt was getting out of bed, and the wife was on the left hand side sitting on her knees on the floor. The prisoner was standing over her very angry, in fact in the height of passion. He struck her several times on the forehead and on the throat.

What did he strike her with?—The prisoner struck her with his fist. I do not believe he had anything in his hands. The prisoner gave her one kick between the stomach and lungs, on the pit of the stomach. After the kick the unfortunate woman lay on her side. I asked her if she was much hurt, and she said she was. She then vomited a little blood. The prisoner appeared very sorry, helped me to raise his wife up, and got on his knees and bathed her temples. He afterwards assisted her, and helped me to carry his wife into his own room. He then went and fetched a doctor, and I remained with her the whole of the time.

Did the unfortunate woman live long?—From the time of the blow to the time she died was about an hour. The doctor came and gave her some brandy. The prisoner fetched the brandy. He did everything he could to restore his wife. She never spoke after she said she was in much pain.

When the prisoner struck the deceased did he say anything?—He was making use of very bad and disgusting language.

Before she said she was badly hurt did she say anything?—She said, "Oh, mistress, he has given me my death blow." The prisoner then knelt down and began to cry. It was when I saw him lie down that I said, "Are you very much hurt?"

Have you ever seen the prisoner ill-use his wife previous to this?—I am sorry to say that I have frequently seen the prisoner ill-use his wife before. He was very kind to her when sober, and so he was to his two children.

Mr. Barker cautioned the prisoner, and asked him if he wished to ask the witness any questions.

The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position very acutely, said he did not wish to say anything.

Mr. Barker (to the witness): Was the prisoner drunk or sober when he came in?

Witness: He was very drunk, and the language he made use of was very fearful. All the time he was beating her he was making use of very bad language, and saying he would give it to her.

Inspector Potter asked for a remand to enable the surgeon to make a post mortem examination.

Mr. Barker remanded the case for a few days, and refused to take bail.

A FARCE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—Hotel runners at Niagara Falls, and others interested, have contrived to lodge a man upon an island in the rapids, apparently in a position of great peril, and expect to attract many good customers by this artful dodge. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser exposes the fraud thus:—"It is one of the periodical Niagara Falls 'sensations,' gotten up for the purpose of putting money in the purses of the enterprising citizens doing business in the lager beer and sandwich line for the great ex-act. Were we, one day, to see some chap hung, drawn, quartered, and thrown over the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall, we should not be surprised to meet him apparently sound and in good health the next morning—so little confidence have we in the reality of the wonders of that wonderful place. We were informed this morning that the 'unfortunate and fool-hardy man'—the individual with the esculent cognomen—is 'still on the island.' Our informant further went on to state that Farin left the island last night, took his ease at his inn, enjoyed a refreshing season of rest, and returned early this morning. It is understood that the parties interested have contributed liberally towards making up a purse wherewith to reward the adventurous man." The Rochester Democrat publishes the following:—"Niagara Falls, August 9th.—Mons. Farin has succeeded in making his escape from his uncomfortable position this afternoon about five o'clock, in this manner:—His brother walked out, and floated a rope down to him, and by this means he was enabled to walk across the rapids to Goat Island and is now at his comfortable quarters at the International. He seemed to take his imprisonment good-humouredly, and practised some of his gymnastic exercises, standing on his head, hands, &c. He was in his rope-walking costume of tight-fitting knitting, such as is worn by circus men."

NO HOME COMPLAINTS WITHOUT A WILCOCK AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospect free on application at 156, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

VERSAILLES.

AMONG the various places visited by the King of Spain and the royal party on the occasion of the recent fete, was the Palace of Versailles, accounts of which we have already given. The engraving before us is that of the staircase leading to the Historical Galleries. These immense galleries, which were freshly decorated during the reign of Louis Philippe, are furnished with a rich series of historical paintings and statues, arranged in chronological order.

One of the most remarkable among the magnificent rooms is the Hall of Mirrors, of which we also give an illustration.

THE WOUNDED BEFORE PETERSBURG.

SATURDAY morning our army met with a bad defeat through the blundering of our officers. It was not the fault of our men, for men never fight harder. Sunday morning, in company with Mr. Blaser, one of our agents, I rode out to the front. We called on the colonel who led the first brigade in the fight. After talking for some time he took up his glass and asked us if we would not like to go out to the works, and see where the fight took place; he told us that we would have to take off our linen coats, as they would make too good a mark for the rebel sharpshooters. We pulled them off,

and he gave us two blue ones to put on. We went along the traverses or trenches until we came to the first battery. The first notice we had of the rebels' presence was the whizzing of a shell over our heads. It burst a short distance from us, but did no harm. From the battery everything was in view. A few yards in front of us was our advance line of works, and less than 100 yards from these works stood what was left of the once famous fort, now nothing but a heap of dirt. To the right and left of this ruin ran the rebel lines. From our position on the hills we could see the rebels busy throwing up other works. Between the works lay nearly 500 of our dead and wounded. Just imagine! Nearly 500 men dead and wounded within a space of 200 feet, some with their legs shot off pulling themselves along towards our lines. The colonel had a powerful glass, and when I came to look through that the sight was awful. You could see every movement. One poor fellow, who was badly wounded in both legs and in one hand, worked himself along on his elbows for nearly ten feet. When he came to a dead man he would reach out for the canteen, take it up and shake it to see if it contained any water. The first three that he lifted up evidently had nothing in them, but in the fourth he found his reward. After he had taken up the first



THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT TO VERSAILLES—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



THE HALL OF MIRRORS IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

and found nothing in it, he turned his face towards our lines, and, with a look I never shall nor can forget, raised himself up, stretched out his hand and moved it backward and forward, as if beckoning for some one to come out and help him, and then fell back completely exhausted. He remained quiet for some time, and then, as if it was his last chance for life, raised himself and continued on until he had passed over three dead men; as he reached out for the canteen of the fourth man a look of despair spread over his face, but as he shook it a beam of joy so changed his looks that you would hardly have known him. He raised it to his lips, and after taking a little he passed it over to one of the others who was near him. Was there ever such a sacrifice?—*Correspondence of the New York Times.*

FEARFUL COLLISION IN THE SWIN.

FOUNDERING OF A STEAMER AND LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN.

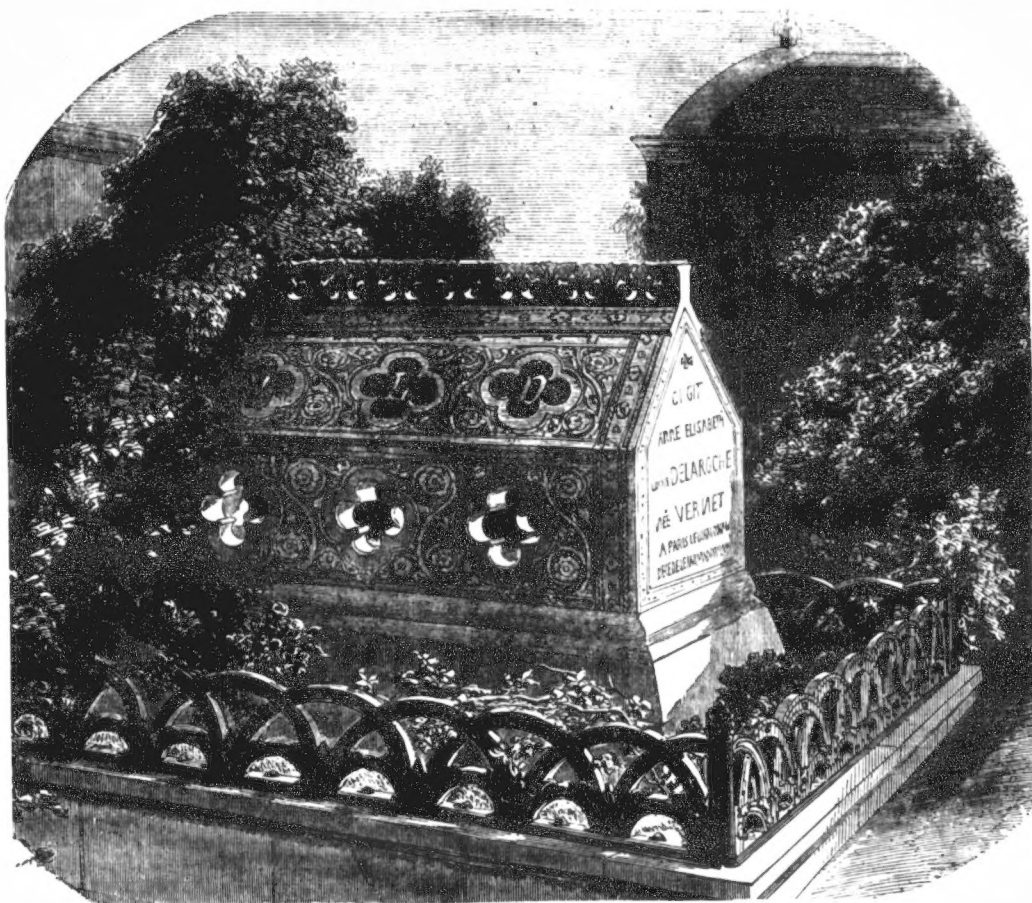
EARLY on the morning of the 24th ult. a very fearful collision took place in the Swin, near the Maplin Sands, a few miles below the Nore, between the John Fenwick and Amity, screw steamships, which resulted in the sinking of the latter vessel and the loss of Captain Witherwick, the commander. The John Fenwick was on a voyage from the North to London, coal laden, and the Amity was in ballast, proceeding to the Tyne, from the Thames. Both ships were powerful vessels, and had been some time employed on the north coast. The collision took place about a mile from the Maplin light, which bore N.E.; the tide was making, with rather a strong sea on. The vessels came together with great force, the Amity being struck on the starboard side, just before the lock-out bridge. It was immediately discovered that the middle compartment was filling, and the unfortunate commander, Captain Witherwick, at once resolved to run her on the Maplin Sand, in order to prevent her sinking in deep water. He accordingly made for the sand, and she grounded forward. The John Fenwick followed her, and anchored a short distance from the sand, in order to be in attendance to save the crew. Some of the hands of the Amity went on board the John Fenwick, and others took to a boat which was hanging astern of the disabled vessel. Captain Witherwick, the mate, and some of the engineers, remained on board in order to see what would become of her, and whether there would be any chance of repairing the damage, and floating her. About half-past three o'clock, after she had been on the sand two or three hours, the stern was

seen to gradually disappear under water, and the steamer apparently slid off the sand and went down in several fathoms.

The captain and mate were in the cabin at the time, arranging some papers, and the mate succeeded in getting out, and, with the others who were on board, ran up the mizenmast rigging, but the ill-fated master, it is thought, failed in escaping from the cabin, and must so have been drowned. The boats from the John Fenwick were immediately put off, and rescued those who were clinging to the rigging of the topmast of the sunken vessel. The men who were in the boat astern of the Amity, perceiving the stern sinking, called out to the captain and his companion to lose no time in leaving, as the vessel was going down; and the boat was only cast off at the last moment. The John Fenwick, after all hope was given up of saving the captain, proceeded on her voyage up the

red." The intelligence of his finding was brought to town, and when half a hundred persons had visited the spot and pronounced the body to be that of the veritable sea-serpent, some inquisitive fellow out with his knife and cut a few inches from the monster's tail, when it was discovered that the cause of all the alarm and excitement was a great piece of kelp!—as like a serpent as like could be. The illusion was perfect, and nearly every one who saw the kelp was deceived by its appearance.—*Vancouver Chronicle.*

AN IRISH LETTER.—A letter from Ireland (supposed to be sent to some Irish reaper) now lies at the Spalding (Lincolnshire) Post-office, addressed "Spalding, in Lincolnshire, to be left at this office till call for."



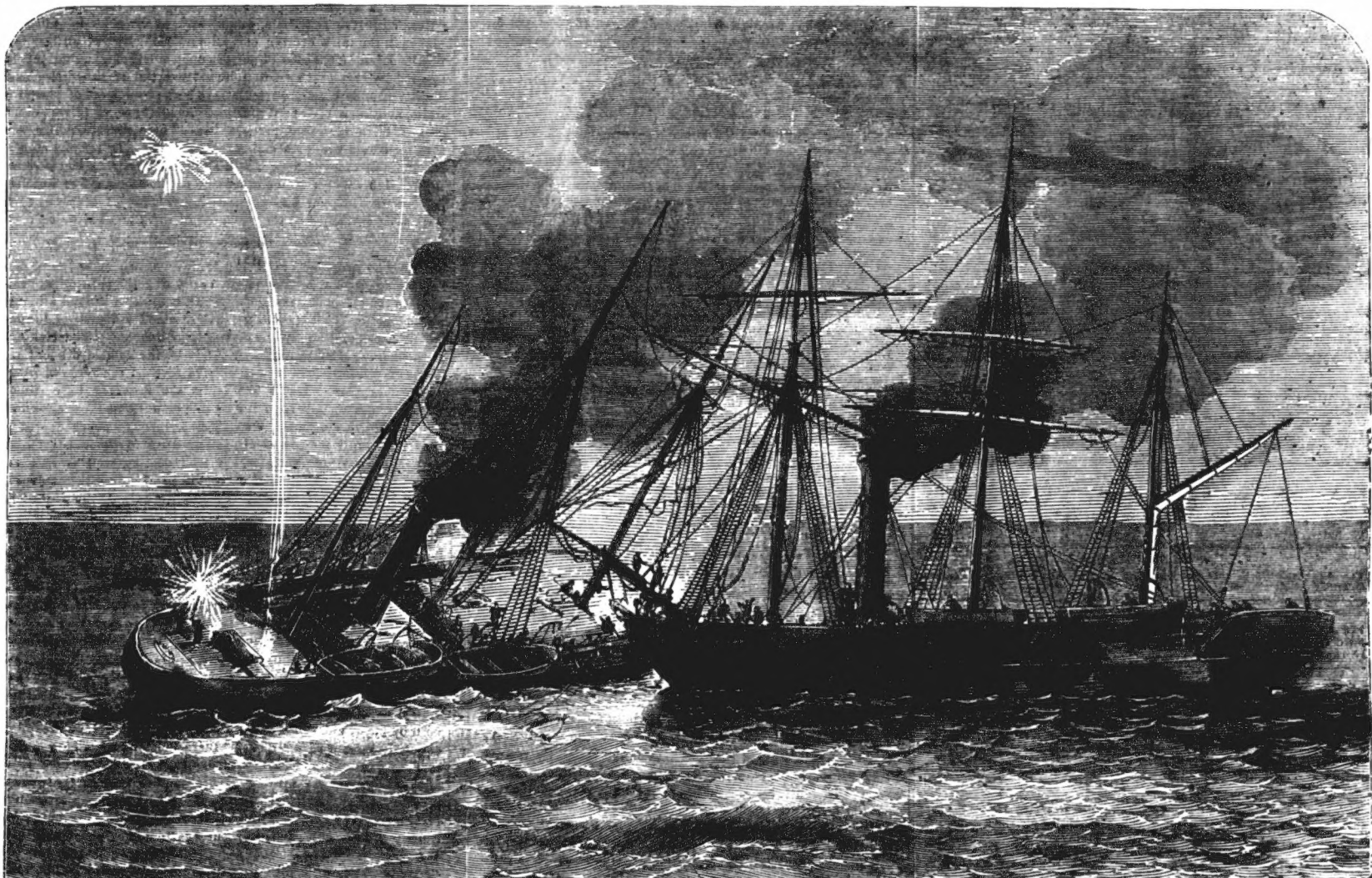
TOMB OF DELAROCHE, THE PAINTER, IN THE CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE. (See page 188.)

Thames. The sunken steamer lies close to the edge of the Maplin Sands, and divers are to be sent down with the view of finding the body of the captain, and to ascertain the condition of the ship. The deceased officer, who was much respected in the trade, had in his possession when he perished a gold watch and chain, and more than 20*l.* in gold. In the course of the morning several luggers from the Colne, Southend, and other places along the coast, came off to the wreck for the purpose of seeing what they could pick up. It is stated that both steamers exhibited the usual lights, and that the collision arose from some mistake as to the course one of the vessels should have pursued.

We present below an engraving of the melancholy collision.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE sea-serpent that for so many years has deprived superstitious sailors of their wits has been captured in our harbour, at Laving's ship-yard, where he was left high and dry, and whence he was borne off in triumph to the city. His length is twenty-three feet; his head five inches in circumference; his body, at the largest part, seven inches round. Altogether, he is a wonderful creature, with great gaping mouth, wide-spread nostrils, and orifices where the eyes ought to be, but are not. His snakeship was first seen at an early hour apparently basking on the rocks, and his appearance, as may well be imagined, caused a commotion in the neighbourhood. After having viewed it for some time at a safe distance, one of the spectators gathered courage sufficient to approach nearer and nearer, until he at last discovered that the tail of the monster had made its last waggle, and that he was as "dead as herrings that are



COLLISION BETWEEN THE JOHN FENWICK AND AMITY SCREW SHIPS NEAR THE MAPLIN SANDS.

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BOW BELLS,

Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.		
			A. M.	P. M.	
3	8	Oliver Cromwell died, 1658	3 13	3 28	
4	8	Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity	3 43	3 57	
5	8	Old St. Bartholomew	4 14	4 28	
6	8	Capture of Montreal, 1761	4 43	4 59	
7	8	Garibaldi entered Naples, 1860	5 15	5 32	
8	8	William IV crowned, 1831	5 54	6 12	
9	8	Battle of Flodden, 1513	6 35	7 1	

Moon's changes.—1st Quarter, 9th, 5h. 50m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Jeremiah 35; St. Matt. 5.

AFTERNOON.

Jeremiah 36; Romans 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS 313 Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the stamped edition. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent misdirection of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipts stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

T. L.—The military ranks, on an ascending scale, are as follow.—1. Corporal; 2. Sergeant; 3. Sergeant-Major; 4. Ensign (or Cornet in the cavalry); 5. Lieutenant; 6. Captain; 7. Major; 8. Lieutenant-Colonel; 9. Colonel; 10. Major-General; 11. Lieutenant-General; 12. General; 13. Field-Marshal. The naval ranks are as follow:—1. Midshipman; 2. Lieutenant; 3. Commander (or Captain); 4. Post-Captain; 5. Commodore; 6. Rear-Admiral; 7. Vice-Admiral; 8. Admiral.

J. R.—Count Castiglione was the name of an individual who made a great reputation in Paris, about the middle of the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He pretended to extraordinary powers of divination; declared that he was upwards of a thousand years old; and claimed for himself all the attributes which royalty and greatness have bestowed upon sovereigns and monarchs. He was an accomplished man, although a thorough rogue and charlatan.

M. J.—You can procure a divorce. It would not cost you more than about £50, as the case is so simple. Send us your address, and we will recommend you a respectable solicitor or practitioner in the Divorce Court.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

"To what extent the administration of poison causes death or disease in England is not even approximately known." Such is the disagreeable intimation with which the medical officer of the Privy Council introduces a section of his present report. If we could be guided by the returns of the Registrar-General, we should conclude that from 400 to 500 persons a year fall victims to either the accidental or the wilful administration of poison. But it is, unfortunately, certain that this number is far below the reality. At the utmost it is but a list of the fatal poisonings which are discovered, while we know that few sources of death are so apt to escape discovery. Of course the murderous poisoner plans to avoid detection, and too often, as familiar cases have proved, with considerable success. In pursuance of such uncomfortable reflections as these, Dr. Alfred Taylor was commissioned by the Privy Council to report upon the present degree of our insecurity. His report is certainly not calculated to relieve the public mind, either as to the quantity of poison which is daily being obtained for a criminal purpose, or as to the danger which arises from the carelessness or

ignorance of druggists. Respecting the first point, Dr. Taylor sums up the case by stating that "So long as a person of any age has the command of threepence he can procure a sufficient quantity of one of the most deadly poisons to destroy the lives of two adults. No one wishing to destroy another by poison, and having the knowledge to make a selection among drugs, need have any difficulty in carrying out his design. If refused at one shop, he can procure the poison at another. If refused by a druggist, he can procure it at a grocer's. If refused at a grocer's, he can procure it at a village general shop, where poisons are retailed by girls and boys, and no questions are asked." In the case, indeed, of one poison—arsenic—the legislature has attempted to impose some restrictions upon its sale. By an Act passed in the 14th and 15th of Victoria, arsenic ought not to be sold in quantities of less than 10lb. unless coloured with saffron or indigo, so as to prevent its being mixed without suspicion in articles of food; nor ought it ever to be sold except with full registration of the buyer's name and residence, and of the time, quantity, and professed purpose of his purchase; nor, even thus, to any person unknown to the seller, unless in presence of a witness known to both seller and purchaser. It is certain, however, that these restrictions are inoperative. Numerous deaths have occurred from the administration of white arsenic—two during the past year. It is sold, moreover, on the most frivolous pretences to almost any applicant; and even when it is coloured the precaution affords little protection except when the poison is mixed with liquids. The better class of druggists do not sell it by retail. The grocer, chandler, oilman, and village shopkeeper are its principal vendors, and its great cheapness—the price of an ounce being only a penny or twopence—places it within the reach of even the poorest person. The sale of other poisons is free from these ineffective restrictions. The lower class of drug dealers have few scruples in selling them, and whether they are wanted for murder or for suicide they are readily obtainable by the poorest or the most casual applicant. The danger to the general public, however, from the mere facility of obtaining poisons depends upon the probability of being exposed to such a crime, and except so far as such facility increases temptation the danger is but that of murder. But the danger threatened by a careless dispensing of drugs is both extensive and serious, and Dr. Taylor's report is almost more alarming on this point than on the other. A large number of persons wholly unacquainted with the properties of powerful drugs are allowed to retail them to the public on demand without check or control, and that great mistakes must arise in consequence is obvious. But this danger is increased a hundred-fold by the practice of keeping innocent medicines and poisonous compounds resembling each other on shelves or drawers in close proximity. Laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, senna, and black draughts, like each other in colour, may be seen standing side by side, in bottles of like size and shape, and with labels easily mistaken by the ignorant or careless. Strychnine may be side by side with jalapine, morphia, and quinine. It is no wonder if many cases are known in which laudanum and strychnine have been given in place of innocent tinctures and have caused death. The danger reaches its height in village shops, where draperies and groceries, and drugs and poisons, are all kept and sold in confusion. From shops of this description Dr. Taylor has known instances in which arrowroot, rice, oatmeal, or something else in common demand has been sold with a fatal admixture of arsenic. In one case where arsenic had been given instead of arrowroot, and had killed the consumer, a witness who went to the shop after the accident found "rice, corrosive sublimate, jalap, and oxalic acid in different papers in the same drawer, and all under the care of an ignorant boy." Even in the sale of poisons upon a large scale, similar mistakes have been known to follow from the same carelessness. Twelve pounds of white arsenic have been sold instead of plaster of Paris, and have been used to adulterate lozenges, or thirty pounds of lead have been sent, perhaps, instead of alum to a miller, and used for admixture with eighty sacks of flour. In the one case, at Bradford, arsenical lozenges killed seventeen persons and severely injured 183 others; in the other case no fewer than five hundred persons were more or less affected—none, indeed, fatally, but some with great severity—by the poisoning of their bread with lead.

Those who are fond of seeking for facts on which to found disheartening generalizations might easily find them, to all appearance, in the cheap dress of the day. Of course, we are not alluding to the dress of the ladies. That has attained a degree of luxury which makes matrimony one of the largest financial undertakings in the market. We are speaking only of the humble dress of the male sex, which seems almost to have reached the verge of work-house cheapness. While the ladies are flaunting in costumes which are denounced from the pulpits of unfashionable churches, the men have descended, step by step, through every degree of cheapness until they have altogether deserted the old-fashioned five-guinea coat for suits which look passing well at half the money. They cannot be strictly said to have clothed themselves in sackcloth and ashes, but they certainly go as near the penitential style, in some of their tourist garments, as decency will allow. Materials which at one time would have been considered only fit for hearth-rugs now form the favourite walking-dress in the most refined cities. Such a radical change in the foundations of dress was sure, sooner or later, to affect the minor articles of clothing, and we can hardly, therefore, feel surprised at the rise and popularity of paper collars. There is nothing like a shrinking modesty about these articles, and those who sell them. Paper collars are boldly exposed in the shop windows, in every variety of shape and colour, side by side with false cuffs, sometimes made of the same material, and waistcoats which are all alike and no back. To those who remember the decent reserve which was always maintained, both by buyer and seller, about an old piece of harmless deception, popularly known as a "dickie," there must be something almost recklessly brazen in this new mode of dealing. The "dickie," or false shirt-front, was a thing generally purchased in the dusk of evening, with a variety of excuses made by the purchaser about a pressing appointment. The shopkeeper, on the other hand, was usually ready with a few assuring remarks about the convenience of the garment as a makeshift, and the impossibility of always being prepared for everything. The purchase and sale were generally conducted in a private part of the shop, with as much ceremony as a discreet accomplice

a transfer of contraband articles. Paper collars, paper cuffs, "Agathon vests," butterfly neckties, constructed to show every atom of their surface, and neither to go round the neck, nor to dip down the chest, though all as deceptive as the old "dickie," are evidently not ashamed of their character. The way in which they are bought and worn doubtless gives them this confidence. Their slicking predecessor was the makeshift of the few, while they are the favourite adornment of the many. We have seen a noble duke in a paper collar, and a barrister of some position putting on a pair of cuffs in a railway carriage, on his way to Brighton to dine; but these were probably exceptions. The great consumption of these articles evidently rests with "Young England," and Young England seems rather proud than otherwise of its taste in clothing. If old Howel prayed in very dissolute times, as he tells us he did, when putting on a clean shirt, we may rest assured that there is something more in a clean shirt than meets the eye. We have known people to be singularly affected by some ornament or new article of clothing, worn under the dress; and we have seen a man's appearance of respectability surprisingly increased by dressing him in a pair of drab gaiters. These are facts which ought not to be despised by any inquirer into the springs of human action. A man may dress himself in a variety of make-believe articles without any moral degradation, or his nature may become subdued to what he appears in. It all depends upon whether he uses these articles as conveniences or deceptions; and the frank, open way in which they are bought and sold would seem to point to the first course rather than to the second. As long as all these contrivances are constructed more for utility than display there is perhaps some guarantee that cheap dress—a good and wholesome thing—will be used more than it is abused.

THE TOMB OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

MANY a visitor to the recent Paris fete—lovers of the art of painting of all countries—paid a visit to the tomb of Paul Delarocbe, an engraving of which will be found on page 181.

Paul Delarocbe was born in the year 1797, and brought up in Art, say the French authorities, by that most mannered of the painters of the time, M. le Baron Gros. During the first five-and-twenty years of his life he was feeling his way steadily and slowly, escaping from the frigid and sculptural classicisms of the Empire. In 1822, by the exhibition of his "Joas" and "A Descent from the Cross," he took his ground at once as one from whom much was to be expected;—how that much was fulfilled, there is not a lover of art in England or in France but knows. From the frightful but powerful "Death of Elizabeth of England," now in the Luxembourg, exhibit d to 1826 or 1827, to the well-known scene of "The Death of Marat," to the pictures of the "Son of Edward the Fourth" and "Stratford," to his "Murder of the Duke de Guise" (the last painted after his visit to Italy in 1834), to his "Napoleon at Fontenoy," executed for Herr Schlette (?) of Leipzig—the progress in art made by Delarocbe was great and real. He became more in earnest—more self-relying, less spasmodic. Even in his great "Hamlet" at the Ecole des Beaux Arts—one of those imaginary assemblages which would have defied the powers of greater men than he—there will be found a dignified character—an intellectual grace—a naturalness of attitude, which remove the groups far beyond the limits of *Pantheons* on canvas, and which will render the picture, so long as it lasts, one of the attractions of the capital.

Paul Delarocbe died in 1856, but his works will survive for years in the memory of his countrymen and the nations generally.

PICNIC TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE FALLS OF QUONCH.—A grand pic-nic was given by the Countess of Fife to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the Falls of Quonch, on Thursday evening. The royal party drove from Aberfeldy, on the south side of the river Dee, via Braemar, where the *clite* of the village and a large concourse of visitors were in waiting, anxious to see the royal pair. Horses were changed at the Loversulld Arms Hotel, where miss host paid every attention to the comfort of the Prince and Princess during their short stay. A warm salute greeted their departure from the assembled visitors, when the Prince and Princess cordially acknowledged by repeated bows and smiles. They were accompanied by the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the gentleman and lady in waiting. Shortly after four o'clock p.m. the scene of the grand pic-nic was reached, when all was in complete readiness for their reception. The Countess of Fife, accompanied by Lady Anne Duff, the Hon. Miss Ricardo, and the Right Rev. Bishop Forbes of Brechin, was in waiting to welcome them. Shortly after their arrival the whole party adjourned to the beautiful summer-house at the falls, where a sumptuous tea was partaken of. Mr. M. Lennan, the Earl of Fife's piper, discoursed excellent music, that made the rugged hills around re-echo during the entertainment. A walk through the picturesque and beautiful scenery adjoining was next enjoyed, after which the royal party left for Aberfeldy, via Loversulld House, highly pleased and delighted with the very warm entertainment that had been provided for their enjoyment on the occasion by the Countess of Fife.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

SINGULAR CONDUCT OF A MOTHER.—A short time ago the body of a child completely smothered was found concealed among the rafters of a house in the village of Lybster, Caithness-shire, and for a time the police were unable to connect the concealment of the body with any of the persons who had occupied the house for a long time past. The police, says the *John O'Groat Journal*, have now obtained an explanation of the singular discovery. It seems that a woman whose husband was accidentally killed while thrashing in a barn by the falling of the roof, about eighteen months ago, has confessed that the child was hers. Her story, we believe, is that previous to her marriage she had a still-born child to which she gave birth upon the road, and there being only one person aware of the fact at the time, she carried the body home and concealed it in a box, where she kept it for six years. When she removed to the house in which the body was found, it seems to have been taken out of the box and stored away among the rafters, where it had remained for two years after the woman had left the house until discovered accidentally by the present occupant. The woman states that her husband was aware of the birth of the child, and also of its singular place of concealment. She has been brought into Wick for examination before the sheriff. The most singular thing in connection with the affair is that she should have carried the remains about with her at every flitting for the long period of sixteen years.

THE MANX CLEVERLY AND THE CHASE.—The *Isle of Man Times* reports the proceedings at the dinner of the local agricultural show. The bishop was present, and, responding for "The Church," said, in the course of his speech, "There was another matter to which he must refer now that he was speaking. He believed that they were in a great measure indebted to his excellency the lieutenant governor, who was working day and night for the interests of the island, for the pack of hounds which was exhibited at the show that day. In old times the clergy had to keep a pack of hounds for the parish. He did not know whether he would be asked to join the hunt, but he believed they had asked the archdeacon to do so, if he would preach a sermon for them. He (the bishop) would have no objection to the archdeacon doing so, provided he preached the sermon in pink, with top boots on."

General News.

The Prussian Legation at Frankfurt has commenced a prosecution against the *Europe*, a journal published there in French, for an article alleged to be insulting to King William. The Russian legation has also commenced proceedings against the same journal for an article in which the Emperor of Russia was called a "crowned executioner."

Nor long since some Protestant ladies applied to the Empress Eugenie for a donation in aid of a Protestant orphan society. A few days later they received a letter in which the Empress said that she fully sympathized in their work and entered into their views; and to prove that she did so she sent them for a lottery two magnificent porcelain vases, worth 600*l.* (42*4*) each.

The Landgrave von Furstenburg, the Archbishop of Olmutz, having dismissed from his service 120 miners who had seceded from the Roman Catholic church and embraced the Protestant faith, they are now working in the mines of the Baron Anselm Rothschild, who possesses very extensive ironworks at Witkowitz, in Moravia.

A few days ago (says a Tyroler paper), a thunderstorm discharged its fury on the village of Worgel in the valley of the Inn. True sons of holy Church, the villagers at once flocked to the steeple to attract their sin's attention by ringing the bells, and this the more readily as they had the good luck of numbering among them a bell reported miraculous, and which had been long renowned for its efficacy in case of danger from fire or water. But the laws of nature do not always agree with the superstitions of the Church. The electric fluid being attracted by the huge piece of metal swaying to and fro, the lightning came down upon the ringers, and killed six of them on the spot.

The Home Secretary, having had under his consideration the case of Mary Bartley, *alias* Annie Bowen, who was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Byles, at the Central Criminal Court, for the murder of her illegitimate child, at the Harrison Arms public-house, Gray's-inn-road, has thought fit to recommend the extension to her of the clemency of the Crown, and the sentence will therefore be commuted to penal servitude for life.

We understand that Asiatic cholera has made its appearance in the Lincolnshire Fens, and proved fatal in several cases, owing (it is said by the medical men) to the long-continued drought, which has caused the drains to become little better than stagnant pools, emitting odours of an extremely unpleasant and unhealthy character. The East Fen in the neighbourhood of Boston, and along by the banks of the Bell Drain, are the places where it has made the greatest devastation.

BARONET says that a marriage has been arranged between the Hon. Miss Edou, daughter of Lord Auckland, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Henry Fawcett, Esq., who was, not long since, an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Brighton. Professor Fawcett, as is well known, is blind.—*Bath Chronicle*.

A few days ago Sir Charles Loder passed through Vienna on his way to the Prussian capital, where he was expected by the Prince of Prussia, who is said to be near her confinement.

A YOUNG married lady was placed in a critical position a few days back while bathing at Douarnenez (Finistere). She had entered a small grotto on the shore, and having remained too long admiring the natural beauties of the cavern, found, when she attempted to retire, that the tide had risen and prevented all egress. The water still continuing to rise, she was at length obliged to cling to the projections of the rocks to keep from drowning, and remained in this precarious situation, half-submerged, for four hours, when the ebbing of the tide brought welcome release.

It is said that the conductor of a Richmond omnibus is a young man of high social position, who from some unexplained circumstance has taken to the road. Be it as it may, it is quite clear that the report has got widely circulated, the omnibus being much patronized by romantic young ladies, and to see them looking out for a "has" is a little curious. The competition for a seat is great.—*Court Journal*.

THE *Montrose Review* is responsible for the following:—"We learn from a quarter quite reliable that the Earl of Athole, who has gone to the United States, carries with him the views of the Government on the present aspect of affairs, and will offer himself to the Confederacy as a medium of communication with the British Government."

HIS MAJESTY has presented to the University Library, Sydney, an elegantly-bound copy of "The Principal Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," with an autograph inscription in these words:—"Presented to the Sydney University Library, in memory of her great and good husband, by his broken-hearted widow.—VICTORIA R. 1864."

It is now ascertained that 160 persons were more or less injured in the course of the Belfast riot. Nine deaths have already taken place, of whom five were Protestants and four Roman Catholics.

THE WAR-OFFICE AND THE HORSE GUARDS.—Colonel M'Murdo has announced his approaching retirement from the office of Inspector-general of Volunteers, which he has filled with such conspicuous success. He does so in consequence of the rule limiting the tenure of staff appointments to five years, and under this regulation each of the assistant inspectors will also relinquish his post at the completion of his term of service. However much we may regret to see Colonel M'Murdo lay down an appointment in which it will be most difficult to replace him adequately, although we may be sorry that the valuable services of some of his efficient assistants will be lost to the public, we cannot but respect the policy with which the War-office observes its own regulations, and declines to follow the bad example of the Horse Guards, where they have been shamefully violated. How the authorities in Whitehall can talk of regulations when the quarter-master-general has been nearly nine years and one of the deputy-adjutant-generals almost as long in their places, in defiance of all regulation, is more than we can account for.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

WRIGHT AND MANN'S SEWING MACHINES.—The truth of the well-known axiom, "Necessity is the mother of invention," receives most pertinent and practical demonstration every hour of our lives, but we doubt whether scientific ingenuity ever conferred a greater boon on society generally than when it brought the "Sewing Machine" into existence. Every class of the community is more or less benefited by its operation, and, therefore, every member of that community is personally interested in every improvement in that useful piece of domestic mechanism. True, there are many rival machines, each of which put forth some real or alleged claim to the favourable consideration of the public, and, of course, succeed in gaining their approval, in proportion to their respective merits; but if simplicity of construction, durability in wear, readiness of adaptation to every required purpose, and extraordinary cheapness, are to be taken as the tests of popularity and general adoption, the palm must decidedly be given to Messrs. Wright and Mann's patent "Excellor" and "New Star" machines, each of which are distinguished from other manufacturers, by tangible advantages peculiar to them, and exclusively possessed by them. We should advise a perusal of the illustrated price list issued by the patentees, and to be obtained at their warehouses, No 143, Holborn-bars, London, and at the manufactory, Gipping Works, Ipswich.

These celebrated teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine the favour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—(Advertisement.)

The Court.

The Countess de Grey will, we understand, accompany her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, as Lady in Waiting, during the forthcoming visit to the royal family of Denmark.

On Saturday Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse took leave of her Majesty, and proceeded from Windsor to Gravesend, where they embarked on board the Victoria and Albert, on their return to Germany. In the course of the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, who had come over from Germany on a visit to her Majesty, landed at Dover, and proceeded to Windsor by the South-Western Railway.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the younger members of her family, by the Duke and Duchess of Coburg, and a numerous suite, left Windsor Castle on Monday night for Scotland. The route lay over the Great Western to the Bathbury junction, where it was transferred to the London and North-Western, and so by way of Carlisle into Scotland.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who arrived at Gloucester House on Saturday last from visiting the Earl Dalhousie at Broom's Barn, left town on Tuesday morning for Germany, on a visit to their royal highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Her royal highness the Princess Mary accompanied the duke. It is expected their royal highnesses will make a tour through Switzerland.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood, Bart., M.P., is to attend on her Majesty as Secretary of State during the early part of the Queen's stay at Balmoral.

ROYALTY IN AUSTRALIA.

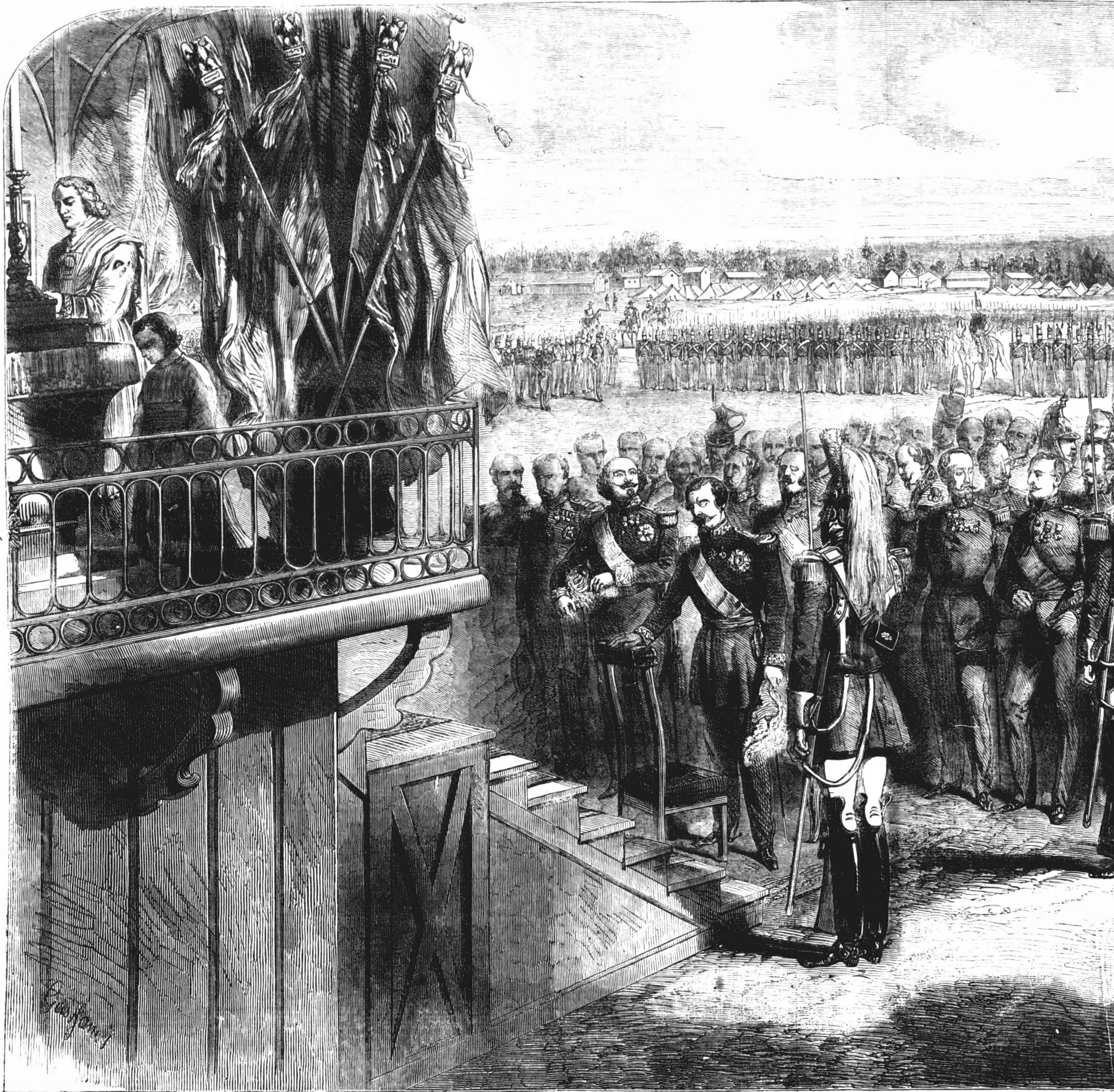
THE following account of an interview with a king is contained in the *North Australian*:—"Recently we had the rare honour of standing face to face with 'royalty.' However, we contrived to comport ourselves with true colonial dignity under the circumstances. We know not how, but certain it is that most unexpectedly we found ourselves in the presence of 'Billy, King of Mooolooloo,' who had a dozen sable wives attached to his train, and about two-thirds the same number of many dogs. His illustrious rank and title was worn around his neck, neatly engraved upon a crescent-shaped tablet of copper attached to his neck by means of a heavy brass chain. His Majesty was condescending, and invited us to supply him with water. We listened to obey the royal will, and were disappointed on the flavour and purity of the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates' (it was filtered). There was a remarkable dignity exhibited in the deportment of the monarch, which contrasted wonderfully with the garrulous, trifling character of his subjects. His air was abstracted, and his entire mien seemed 'big with the fate of nations' and the affairs of state. In fact, he seemed 'every inch a king,' and as he gazed around mournfully, we could not but sorrowfully reflect that the humpy and tent upon which his wandering eye ever and anon rested was a perchance raised upon the mounds which covered the mortal remains of the illustrious ancestry of the royal house of Mooolooloo. Such sacred meditations admitted of no rude, impertinent interruption. Perchance he, like Ion, the Greek, immortalised by Serjeant Noon Talford, was the last son of his kingly race, and to have obraded upon his meditations—his painful recollection of the history of his country and his fathers, coequal perhaps with the earliest records of Herodotus—would have been an indelicate insult to a monarch whose power was waning, and to the loyalty of his hungry subjects, dependent for bread on the invader's hospitality. We respected the feelings of fallen greatness; we did not emulate the ingenious youth of Brisbane, who exult in the might of the colonist to triumph over a fallen foe. We have at least, thought we, found a nobleman of nature who disdained to ask alms at the hands of a proud and ruthless conqueror. 'We turned and left the spot,' casting 'a last fond look' upon the King of the Mooolooloo, whose best seemed broken. Slowly he raised his noble head and extended imploringly his beseeching hand. A sudden animation inspired his savage but handsome face, and with an energy that rolled to mind every sentiment of aboriginal romance, he exclaimed with a melancholy smile and beseeching accent, 'Give me one bob.' And such is Australian royalty."

IMPRISONMENT OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN IN CUBA.

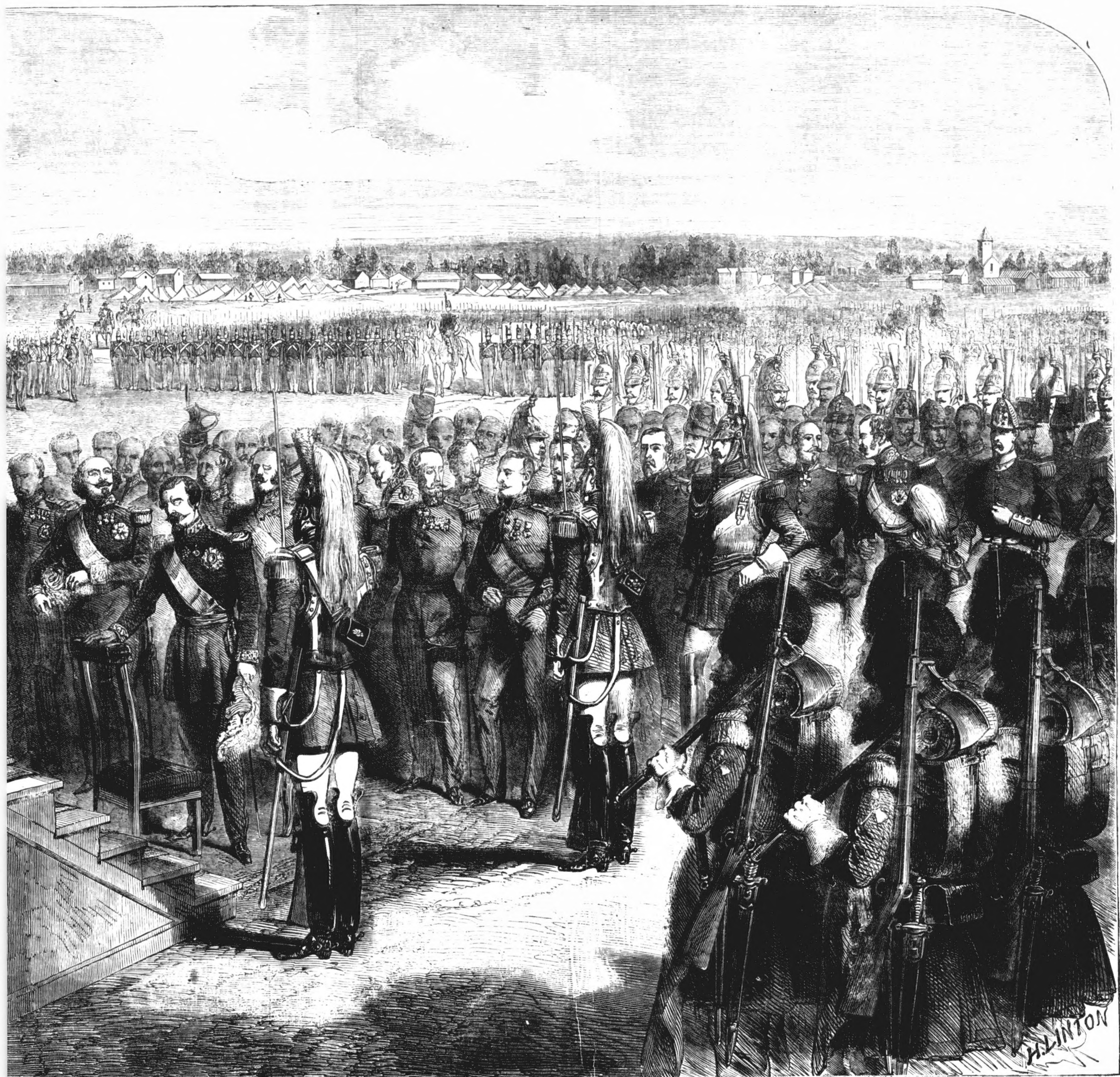
UNDER this title the *Times* prints a long letter from "Edward J. Goodman, No. 3, Lansdowne-place, Brunswick-square," giving an account of a "disgraceful outrage" committed on his brother, a British subject, by the Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba, on the 25th of June last. The story simply is that Mr. Goodman's brother, who is an artist, and senior Joachim Cuadras, also an artist, while on a visit to Santiago de Cuba, went out, above stated, in the afternoon to visit an ancient fortress called the Morro, situated about six miles distant. They had no drawing materials with them. After spending some time wandering about the fortifications and admiring the scenery, they were coming away, when they were followed by a party of soldiers, arrested, blindfolded, conveyed back, and thrust into prison—a cold, damp cell, which had last been occupied by two murderers. Here they were left without food or drink, except a cup of weak coffee, which they bribed the gaoler to give them, and they were not even allowed to smoke their cigarettes. About five o'clock next morning, when they were beginning to dose, they were roused up and marched back to Santiago, with their arms tied, an indignity, however, from which they were released on approaching the village. On being arrested they had given their names and addresses, and requested a communication to be sent to their friends, but their request had not been complied with; and now the first communication their friends had was while they were being marched through the village. Their friends sent them a good meal, the first they had had for nineteen hours, and sent them refreshments during the "remainder of their imprisonment" (viz., till the afternoon). Their friends and the British consul then took up the matter, and after a civil examination by the governor in the afternoon, the prisoners were finally set at liberty, the imprisonment apparently having lasted about twenty-four hours. Mr. Goodman adds:—"Not until their dismissal had been thus ordered were they shown the letter of accusation which the commandant of the Morro had addressed to the governor. This was a very prolix document, and my brother says that if he could have obtained a copy of it, it would have been found to be quite a literary curiosity. The chief point in it, however, was that 'two suspicious characters, the one a native of Cuba and the other an Englishman—to all appearance whites—accompanied by a negro guide, had been seen taking plans of the fortifications of the Morro.'"

Upon the subject of this accusation, Mr. Goodman says that they were not even trespassing, the people of Santiago constantly frequenting the place, and, as has been stated, they had no drawing materials with them, and did not make the least attempt to take sketches of the fortification. Mr. Goodman hopes that the British Government will, at least, demand an explanation and apology from the Spanish authorities for this disgraceful outrage on the person of one of the Queen's subjects.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—(Advertisement.)



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH ATTENDING MASS AT THE CHALONS CAMP.



THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH ATTENDING MASS AT THE CHALONS CAMP.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr Wm Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne have taken this establishment for a season of English opera, commencing the 9th of September, and terminating next March. Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged, and M. Ardit is to be the conductor. Such an admirable and judicious selection gives much promise of a triumphant season. M. Jullien will give promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, commencing Sept. 19th. Lotti will be one of his first stars.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Horace Wigan took his benefit here on Thursday evening. The "Puck of Looe" was performed for the 100th time, and was followed by the drama of "All that Glitters is not Gold," in which Mr. H. Wigan appeared.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Marriett commences her second winter season at this theatre on the 17th inst.

SURREY.—Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson commence their winter season in this evening (Saturday). For some time past most extensive alterations have been going on, which will render the "old Surrey" one of the most comfortable theatres in the metropolis. The ordinary boxes have been considerably enlarged, in addition to which new balcony seats have been erected. One hundred stalls have been made, which can only be a most welcome improvement on the old plan of the theatre. These stalls are cushioned, and will command a perfect view of the stage. Great improvements have also been effected in the pit, and the radical changes which have taken place will be found of the greatest benefit to the spectators. The theatre has been entirely re-decorated, several of the newly-added fittings having, we believe, been used at the late Stratford-on-Avon Tercentenary Festival. The old proscenium has been removed, and a new one erected. The act-drop which had done duty for so long a time, has also been replaced by one which must be a great improvement upon its predecessors. The performance this evening will commence with the romantic play entitled "The Savage and the Civilization"—Hercule the Savage, Mr. James Anderson; supported by Messrs. James Fernandez, E. F. Edgar, Chamberlayne, E. Green; Mrs. Pannocori; and Mrs. St. Henry. To conclude with the favourite burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," in which Miss Elizabeth Weaver, and those popular comedians Miss Jenny Willmore and Mr. Felix Rogers, will make their first appearance.

EFFINGHAM.—"Oseola; or, The Son of the Wilderness," a new drama by Mr. W. Travers, and founded on Captain Mayne Reid's popular novel, is still played with great success. The "Red-skin" is invariably a most attractive personage, and, in his troubles, can always calculate on the perfect sympathy of the soft-hearted Whites. The drama opens at the time the Seminole chiefs are invited to sign away their birthright in favour of the Americans. There are two factions of Indians, the first headed by Oseola (Mr. Henry Lydall), who opposes the treaty, and the second by Omatis, a traitor to the tribe. Virginia Randolph (Miss Covey) openly sympathizes with the Indians, and Oseola having saved her from an alligator, she falls in love with him, which sentiment he returns. George Randolph (Mr. Fredericks) has also declared his passion to Maumee (Miss Foster), Oseola's sister. The interests of these four persons throughout the drama are, of course, intimately connected. Opposed to them are Armes Ringold (Mr. Burleigh), and Yellow Jake (Mr. H. Dudley), a man ready to undertake any villany at Ringold's desire, who is incessantly scheming for the ruin of the Randolph family and the head of Virginia. The first act closes with a very good representation of an Indian camp, at which the treaty is signed by Omatis and his party, but repudiated by Oseola, who harangues his brethren, and declares war. The tableau was encoored, and Mr. Lo dall called on. Redskins and whites are now open enemies. Ringold proposes to George Randolph for Virginia's hand, but is denied that happiness. Upon this Yellow Jake rises, as he supposes, at George Randolph, but hits another man instead. He afterwards meets Virginia, and is about to perpetrate murder or abduction, when she is rescued by Oseola, who is at last trapped by Ringold, and condemned to be shot as a rebel. He is placed in a log hut, with his arms pinioned, and Omatis is commissioned to kill him in his defenceless state. Maumee, his devoted sister, climbs on to the roof of his prison, tells him of the plan for his death, and drops a knife down, with which he cuts the cords. Oseola seizes Omatis, kills him, and dresses in his habitments, by which he deceives Ringold, and allows time for the Indian patriots to come up. A general fight again ensues, and the whites are beaten. Virginia is now disconsolate, and the noble savage, Oseola, a fugitive. His mother has been murdered by Yellow Jake and his cabin on fire by Ringold. The latter has, at last, successfully plotted against the Randolphs, having them all in his power. The whole party of captors and captives take to the woods, where preparations are made for George Randolph's execution. A noise is placed round his neck, and just as he is about to be strung up, Oseola, who is literally "up a tree," shoots Yellow Jake. Maumee comes in with an overwhelming force of Indians; the Randolphs are delivered from danger, and, with Oseola, kneel in a happy group as the curtain falls. Mr. Travers has worked up the situations in the drama with the strongest effect. Another new drama was produced this week, entitled "The Black Hand."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Monday, a great combined fete took place, which drew to this charming place a very large number of our friends from across the Channel. Excursions from various parts of France were arranged, the destination of the excursions being the Crystal Palace. Large numbers availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting our shores, and seemed heartily to enjoy themselves. The numbers at the place were considerably swelled by the Foresters. As some thousands of that body, owing to the inclemency of the weather, did not use their tickets on the occasion of the Foresters' fete last week, the directors of the company, with great liberality, announced that these tickets would give admission on Monday, when the London Gymnastic Society's fete also took place. At four o'clock Mr. Coxwell made an ascent in his balloon. The Coldstream Guards performed during the gymnastic competition, and a concert took place in front of the Handel orchestra by the band of the *Compagnie Pompiers de la Ville de St. Pierre*. Their selection was a good one, and the music admirably executed. The orchestral band of the company performed twice in the day, and the whole of the fountains played. Our French neighbours, as well as the Foresters and others, visited largely the picture galleries, Shakespeare's house and museum, the pneumatic railway, Mr. Pulley's hippodrome; and, indeed, we may say they spent a very busy day in availing themselves of the numerous amusements provided for their gratification, and went away pleased, if tired.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 1st, the Gallery of Illustration was re-opened for the second season of the opera di camera entertainment. The novelties consist of a new work called "The Sleeping Queen," composed by Mr. Balfe, and written by Mr. Henry Farnie, and a comic adaptation by Mr. German Reed, from Offenbach's music, under the title of "Too Many Cocks," with the libretto by Mr. Farnie. We shall fully notice this entertainment in our next.

THE MUSIC HALLS. In consequence of the closing of so many theatres, have been exceedingly well attended. The Oxford, Canterbury, Weston's, Philharmonic, Sam Collins's, the Metropolitan, Middlesex, &c., have each presented a great amount of attraction. A comic singing contest took place at Weston's last week for £100, between Mr. J. Taylor and Mr. J. Blanchard. Although the award

was given in favour of Mr. J. Taylor, for originality of character, there were no two opinions as to Mr. Blanchard being the best singer.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—This deservedly popular place of entertainment will close this day (Saturday) for the purpose of re-decoration. Mr. George Buckland (so well known in connection with the Institution) took his benefit on Thursday, when he gave a new special entertainment, entitled "The Hanted House," followed by the "Ghost of Paganioli," who performed one of his extraordinary airs; in addition to the Ghost Lecture, by Mr. King; the talking hand, by Mr. Jester; and the fairy extravaganza of "Beauty and the Beast," which formed a very attractive bill of fare.

MR. NELSON LEE'S BENEFIT.—This "great event" is decided to take place at the Crystal Palace on Monday September 12th. The programme is a monster one, and embraces the names of Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Anna Hill, Mrs. H. Lewis, Messrs. Alfred Mellon, Ryder, G. Perren, Patey Ransford, Levy, J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, R. Romer, Henry R. Bell, Harry Bileon, J. H. Sead, Unsworth, W. Randall, Sam Collins, Mark Floyd, Talbot, and Burnette, and the celebrated Hackney Billings. Concert, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon; a Shakespearean Ode, by Mr. Ryder, in front of Shakespeare's House; the screaming farce of the "Aren Ball;" a Grand Comical Concert; Acrobatic and Drawing-room Performances; the royal Punch and Judy, Aunt Sally, with a variety of entertaining amusements in the grounds, in addition to all the great attractions of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Nelson Lee has so long catered for the public amusement at the Crystal Palace, that we are certain, should the weather prove fine, his complimentary benefit will, indeed, be "the great event" of the season.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—The attractive Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, under the direction of Mr. Mellon, still continue to draw crowded and delighted audiences. The special nights in particular have afforded the utmost gratification to the admirers of the works of the great masters.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON.—After an absence of seven years, this world-renowned magician, or wizard, returns to London and commences his entertainment at the St. James's Hall, on Monday evening next. He is assisted by his daughters, and we have not the least doubt their performances will create unusual sensation.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

It is hardly to be expected that at this flat period of the year there will be any speculation worthy of comment at the Corner. Captain Nevill, a gentleman holding a commission in the Leicestershire Yeomanry, was unfortunately enough to back Scottish Chief and other winners at Ascot to the amount of £1200 with some members of the "welching" fraternity, and has never received a farthing of his money. He posted a list of their names in the room. What makes Captain Nevill's case a hard one is that he has lost money to these men at different times, and of course paid them. Our return calls for no particular comment.

MR. LEGG.—9 to 4 agst Mr. W. P. Anson's Blair Athol (5 to 2); 9 to 4 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (5 to 2); 9 to 1 agst Mr. Lunde's Miner (off); 100 to 8 agst Mr. Row's Baragah (1); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Cartwright's Ely (1 and off); 75 to 1 agst Mr. Bowles's Claremont (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Parcoe's Knight of Snowdon (1); 30 to 1 agst Mr. J. Day's Master Richard (1); 3 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Breze (1).

THE DERRY.—1000 to 30 agst Mr. Watt's Olmar (1); 40 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Wizard's demolt (1).

HYDROPHOBIA.—A lamentable instance of the effects of this fatal malady occurred in the parish of Haddon, mid-sex. Mr. Robert Brewster, aged nineteen, son of Mr. Christopher Brewster, of Mill-hill Farm, was early in February last in the act of holding a stick before a yard dog upon the premises, when the animal, snapping at it, slightly grazed the skin of the youth's wrist. Soon after the dog was shot, and although the young man felt a presentiment that he should ultimately fall a victim to hydrophobia, he studiously avoided all mention of his suspicions to his parents, anxious, as he stated during his sufferings, to prevent uneasiness in their minds on the subject. He continued in his usual health until Thursday week, when he felt a painful sensation in the arm and shoulder. In the evening other symptoms presented themselves, and medical aid was called in, and subsequently the case was visited by several medical gentlemen of the neighbourhood. On the Monday morning the patient refused all liquids, the symptoms gradually increased, and he became so violent that it was found necessary to have recourse to means of restraint. He foamed at the mouth, his tongue being constantly in rapid motion, and his pulse at 120. Still, at times he was perfectly sensible, and appeared comforted in the opportunity afforded by intervals of the paroxysms to take leave of his family. He expired the next day at six o'clock in the morning.

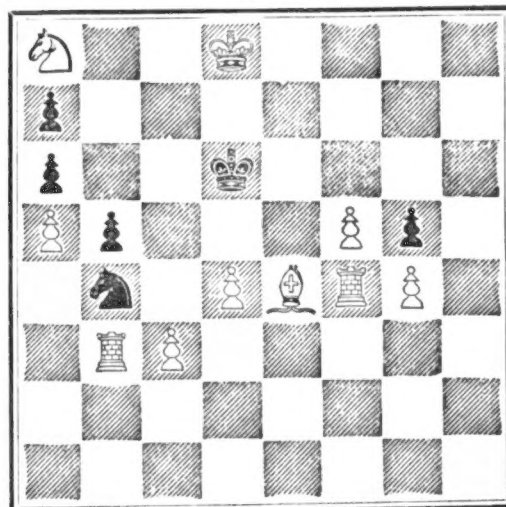
MURDER OF A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.—Malta, August 17.—The garrison of Malta was horrified to hear yesterday afternoon that another dreadful murder of a non-commissioned officer by a private soldier had just taken place in the barracks of the 1st Battalion 22nd Regiment. The victim in this instance was a remarkably fine young man, of only two years' service, but whose good conduct and intelligence during that time had caused him to be raised to the rank of sergeant. The tragedy took place in the barrack-room of Floriana in the afternoon when all the men in the room were asleep, except the murderer and two solders, who were at such a distance that they were only just in time to seize him after the commission of the crime. The sergeant was lying asleep, and the shot took effect in his neck, passing through that part of his body and also through his right arm, which was under him at the time. He never awoke in this world. Naturally, the greatest indignation is felt by the whole of this excellent regiment at the atrocious deed, the only motive for which is found in the fact that the deceased was one of the *chiffres* in the orderly-room on the previous day against the prisoner, for a trifling breach of discipline, for which he was awarded two days' confinement to barracks by the commanding officer. The prisoner, on being apprehended, gloried in his crime, and, on seeing another sergeant, expressed his regret at not having been able "to do for him also."

PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS.—The *Nor' Wester* (Red River paper) says:—"Just when the long wished-for rains have begun copiously to fall, and the laughing crops to revive, our rising hopes have suddenly been cast down by the arrival among us of myriads of these voracious insects. Week before last they began their work of destruction on the Assiniboine River, and now we are told that all the farms, from Mr. Lane's post down to Fort Garry, a distance of about twenty-four miles, have been stripped, and only blackened fields appear where promising crops were lately seen. We hear, also, that great damage has been done among the French settlers on the Red River above the Fort, and in the closing days of last week great clouds of them were observed flying in the north-east, and unfortunately large numbers of them alighted in the district extending between the two forts on both sides of the river, where they are devouring the grain crops rapidly. The potatoes have hitherto been spared, but probably will be attacked after the grain crops are eaten up. It is evident that unless a kind Providence interposes to deliver us from this plague, the settlement (as remarked as it is from all sources of supply, must in a few months be in a deplorable state."

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 201.—By J. F. HOPE, Esq.

Black.

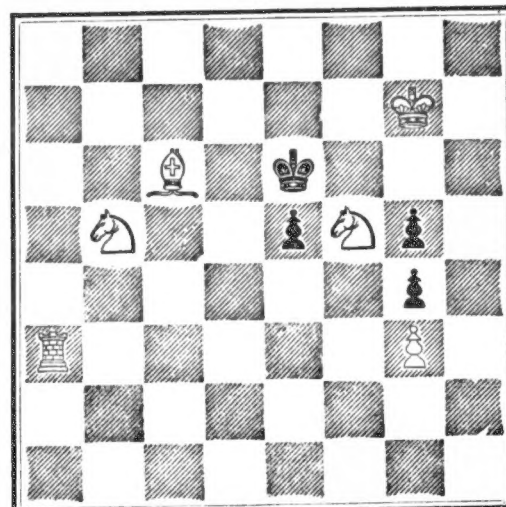


White.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 202.—By NEMO.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

A brilliant little skirmish played between Herr Kolisch and Mr. Fraser (of Dundee), the former giving the odds of his Q Kt.

[MUZIO GAMBIT.]

[Remove White's Q Kt from the board.]

White.	Black.
Herr Kolisch.	Mr Fraser.
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2 P to K B 4	2 P takes P
3 Kt to K B 3	3 P to K Kt 4
4 R to Q B 4	4 P to K Kt 5
5 Castles	5 P takes Kt
6 P to Q 4	6 Kt to Q K 3 (a)
7 Q B takes P	7 Kt to Q R 4 (a)
8 Q takes P	8 K takes B
9 Q B to K Kt 5	9 P to K B 3
10 Q to K R 5 (ch)	10 K to K 2
11 R takes K B P	11 K takes R
12 B takes Kt (ch)	12 K takes B
13 R to K R square (ch)	13 K to K 2
14 Q to K B 7 (ch)	14 K to K 3
15 R to K B 6 (ch)	15 Q takes R
16 Q takes Q, mating	

(a) P to Q 4, followed by R to K Kt 5, is the correct defence.

(b) Another injudicious move, by which his game is hopelessly compromised. Mr. Kolisch does not fail to take advantage of his opponent's error.

[We do not enter land how Mr. Kolisch could have entertained the remotest idea of sending his heavy odds so carefully to such a strong attack as Mr. Fraser. The above *partie* was one of several between the same parties, in all of which Mr. Fraser, with more chivalry perhaps, than prudence, accepted the Muzio gambit, an opening with which he had little theoretical acquaintance. He subsequently, we understand, made a very close fight against the Hungarian player, on even terms.]

C. J. C. (Ipswich).—If Black, in the problem to which you allude, play 1. K to Q 2, White replies with Kt to Kt 7, and mates with Rook next move.

F. HARRIS.—We will communicate with the author of the problem to which you allude. We doubt whether your suggested variation will stand the test of examination.

F. O.—As a blindfold game between juveniles, it is pretty fair, but not sufficiently well played for publication.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK.—On July 26, at St. Helena, the *Imogen* which put in, reports that on the 22nd of June, in lat. 34 S., long. 24 E., she picked up a man floating on the top of a deck-house. He appeared to be much exhausted from exposure and want of food, and stated that he belonged to the ship *Delishot* (supposed D. L. Choate) of Portland, Maine, sailing under Bremen colours from Boston to Falmouth, with rice, the crew consisting of nineteen men and the steward's wife. The vessel had encountered very bad weather, and on the 15th of June, after throwing cargo overboard, she suddenly went down, giving only time for five or six of the crew to get into a boat, which was seen to go down about the same time as the ship. The man picked up is a Prussian by birth, and says he was on the house eight nights and seven days.

CHARGE OF STEALING A HORSE AND CART—John Poley, who d scrib
hin for a paper hanger, residing in Falmouth street, Falmouth, was
placed at the bar on Tuesday before the Hon G O Norton, on a charge of
being concerned with a young woman named Sarah Bowler, in stealing a
horse and cart the property of William Mason, a fellow-prisoner, residing at
Salisbury Crescent, Walworth. The young woman was charged on Monday
when, from the statement of Mr. Mason, it appeared that on the 11th of
month he was at the prison, in Old Kent-road, with a young woman
and the prisoner, and a young man who was with her, to have
ride with him. He took them into the cart, and having drunk at several
public-houses he became quite incoherent, and had no recollection of what
followed until he found himself in a station house in the City, and
heard seriously from having been thrown violently out of his cart.
Oneside. He was taken home, and was so ill for three weeks that he
could not look after the prisoner, for his companion, and from the night
question to the cart, his horse and cart. The young woman
being with the complainant at the time of his having a serious
accident in Oneside; but said two young men, of whom she knew nothing
undertook to take the horse and cart home, and she knew nothing more
it. She was held to bail, and on that morning the prisoner was apprehended.
In reply to the charge he gave a similar account of the affair as the female
and he also was remanded.



INSIDE DELHI—A TEMPLE THE WORSE FOR THE WAR. (See page 190.)

Literature.

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CX.

LUCKNOW—SEPTEMBER 3 TO 8—A CHAPTER PARTLY IN PLEA FOR THE SEPOY.

There is an old proverb, perhaps rather dangerous to be quoted in these polite days, when a spade is not always called a spade, which has a good deal in it. This proverb stands, if it may be quoted, "The devil never was so black as he is painted." Well—neither was the sepoy. And there is another proverb, about the quotation of which I can have no visitings of conscience. This runs: "One swallow does not make one summer."

In other words, because a number of sepoys acted like demons, it does not follow that the whole Hindostani continent was peopled with such people. It must never be forgotten that the mutineers numbered, in relation to the entire Indian population, about one in a thousand, so there is no need to condemn the odd nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Then there is another palliation, of its kind, for the Indians. When the spots they had seized fell again into the hands of the English, they, with little hesitation, destroyed their own wives before devoting themselves to suicide. So far, I know this is an odd apology, but it is made to support the argument that intention is everything in all actions, and that, therefore, in a land where human life, especially that of women, is held very cheap, murder is actually not so heinous a crime as it is where life is held to be most sacred. I am aware the whole theory advanced here is dangerous, but the writer, if he writes fairly, is a kind of counsel for all parties. He should not, therefore, omit any argument in favour of any of his characters.

However, all that has nothing to do with Tim Flat, who was shot up next day, after his "dead shot," before one of those hurried court-martials, which are a daily portion of soldier life after martial law has been proclaimed.

Though before reverting to Tim Flat, it is perhaps as well to say that, at or about the time of his catastrophe, even in Lucknow garrison, where the English supremacy was certainly at a low ebb, much native fidelity and honourable principle was shown.

For instance, on the 4th of September, Major Brereton, having quite unnecessarily exposed himself to the continuously brilliant fire of the enemy, was "killed dead" by a rifle ball in the chest.

Most men were sorry for that officer, he being really a gentleman; but beyond all question his death was greatly lamented by the sepoys of the 13th, with whom he was extremely popular. And, well known as it is that Indians of caste object to touching or carrying to the grave, it is a fact that the sepoys insisted upon carrying his remains to their grave. When we overcame very narrow religious scruples because of our respect or love for a fellow human being, turn, &c., &c., upon it, we are sincere.

Sincere as the grief of Tim Flat, who, of course, was honourably set free that very morning without a stain upon his character. As, but there was a great weight upon his heart; and there it remained. He was not a bit better; but the honest cockney had a heart, and, somehow, a conscience. He could not forgive himself for having shot an Englishman in the dark.

He met his friends with downcast eyes—he who had always been so light-hearted and saucy in his remarks; and it is much to be feared he was so "down" that his old friends took to patronising

him in a good-hearted way. Our friends are given to patting us on the back when we have turned into Queer-street, and to giving us advice when in that district, for all of which we may not be altogether thankful.

Yes, they patronised Tim. It was done in a perfectly friendly way, but it was patronage. Now, if he had been a harder-hearted man than he was, he would have carried the affair off with bravado, and the patronage would have been done away with. But he was what he was, and he took it all very meekly.

I need not dilate here upon the back-patting congratulations of his friends, and I will not describe Skeggs when she flung herself upon him, with a more awful property right than ever, and two more yells divided by a scream, followed by a faint, which was beyond the ordinary in this, that it was characterized by her fetching her fine teeth together rapidly time after time in the manner of bites.

But whatever her conduct, it is certain that she patronised Tim Flat less than anybody else. And this fact Tim Flat felt in its full force.

It was on the second day after the "business," as Tim came to call that potting affair of the officer, and when he had somewhat recovered from its depressing effects, that he and Skeggs made up matters.

Skeggs was milling away at her ration of wheat (it will be remembered wheat was issued instead of flour), when it took place.

Tim had come to pay an evening visit during an hour's relief.

"Evening, Willyminer—thought I'd run round and see how we was getting on."

Now Willyminer had lifted up her countenance to be kissed. But Tim was not yet equal to any sort of lovely advances.

"Good evening, Timothy, dear. Just feel the corns on my poor hands grinding this wheat."

Tim did so, feeling an odd sensation all up his arm as he obeyed the direction.

"Which, Willyminer, I've got something to say to you!"

"Have you, Timothy?" said the Lurcher; and she trembled to that extent that the handle of the flour-mill rattled like bones.

"Yes, Miss Willyminer."

"Miss?" says the Lurcher, and she left off trembling (so did the flour-mill) for the word appeared unpropitious to love.

"Watch I've no right now to expect what I expected then."

"Timothy, I don't follow yer."

"Which once I hoped as you would through life."

"And now?" asks the Lurcher, she said the mill once more striking up a dust.

"No; house's flowed," said Tim.

"Where?" asks the Lurcher.

"Lord, Willyminer, 'ow should I know? I only know it's no longer yer."

"Why?"

"Watch a flowerer you are, indeed, Willyminer," says Tim.

"Flowerer!" says she, supposing that Tim had referred to the goddess of flowers—"no; though, when I was young—I mean when I was younger than I am now—people did say pleasant things of my good looks. I am wiser that times have changed—that's, just a little. Which, Mr. Timothy, you men are but de-pole and 'artless (she meant heartless) creatures—crushing women's spirits one moment, and flinging them with contempt the next. But I can bear it—for I dare say you think I'm tough."

Here the Lurcher set down the mill and crossed her hands on her lap, as she fixed herself on her stool, so that she looked like a very ragged Paragon, making the best of a bulgy crumpled and sitting on a four-legged monument, grievously smiling at Sergeant Timothy Flat.

"I don't think anything of the sort, Willyminer—I think you're a brick."

"Do you, Timothy? Which then I suppose you think you can have your fling at me without doing me no injury?"

"Look yere, Willyminer; once I thought as you might be mine, but now I refers you to Tom Dobbles."

"Which why?" asked Willyminer.

"I am a disgraced man."

"Which how?" demanded the Lurcher.

"That there shot the night afore last."

Willyminer gave a screech.

"And is it, Timothy, out of humility as you was falling back, and not because I was a little on the shell—I mean, a little too fashionable? Oh, Timothy!"

And here she jerked herself into Tim's arms.

"Will you really have me—for better for worse, and perhaps more o' the last?" asked Tim, simply.

"Will I? Won't I?" said Willyminer.

And whatever she may have said in more peaceful, prosperous, and pragmatical after-days, that is how she was wooed and won. Tim's meaning really stood, "I'm a poor disgraced beggar, and so I've come to say 'Good bye.'" And then she would not remark, "Adieu."

She may say, if she likes, that Tim saved her from the enemy (which is perfectly true as far as the statement goes, but then it was only as he was one of the garrison—for that affair of the snood Willy could not take credit), and that gratitude carried her to the altar, though, in truth, it was a four-wheeled cab, with a driver that swore worse than any parrot. But it occurred just as I have stated it.

Of course after this "Will I?—won't I?" business there was another hugging match, in which I do think Tim played the best part, though it must be confessed she did her share. Then, when a lady who has been on the shelf of single misery finds herself taken down by an unexpected husband, her delight is like the wedding ring she is obtaining—there is no end to it.

"Which," says Tim, "I hope as my business will never leak out of the army."

"What—what does it matter?" says Willyminer, "so long as it's hidden from the West End!"

"West End?"

"Yes," says Willyminer; "for it's there we'll settle gently."

"Which how?" says Tim.

But he was not to learn upon that occasion, for finding that his time was suddenly up, he took a hurried, but, need I say, an affectionate leave of the future fair female Flat, and scampered back to duty, while she went back to the flour-mill with such a light old heart in her bosom that she once more felt fifteen.

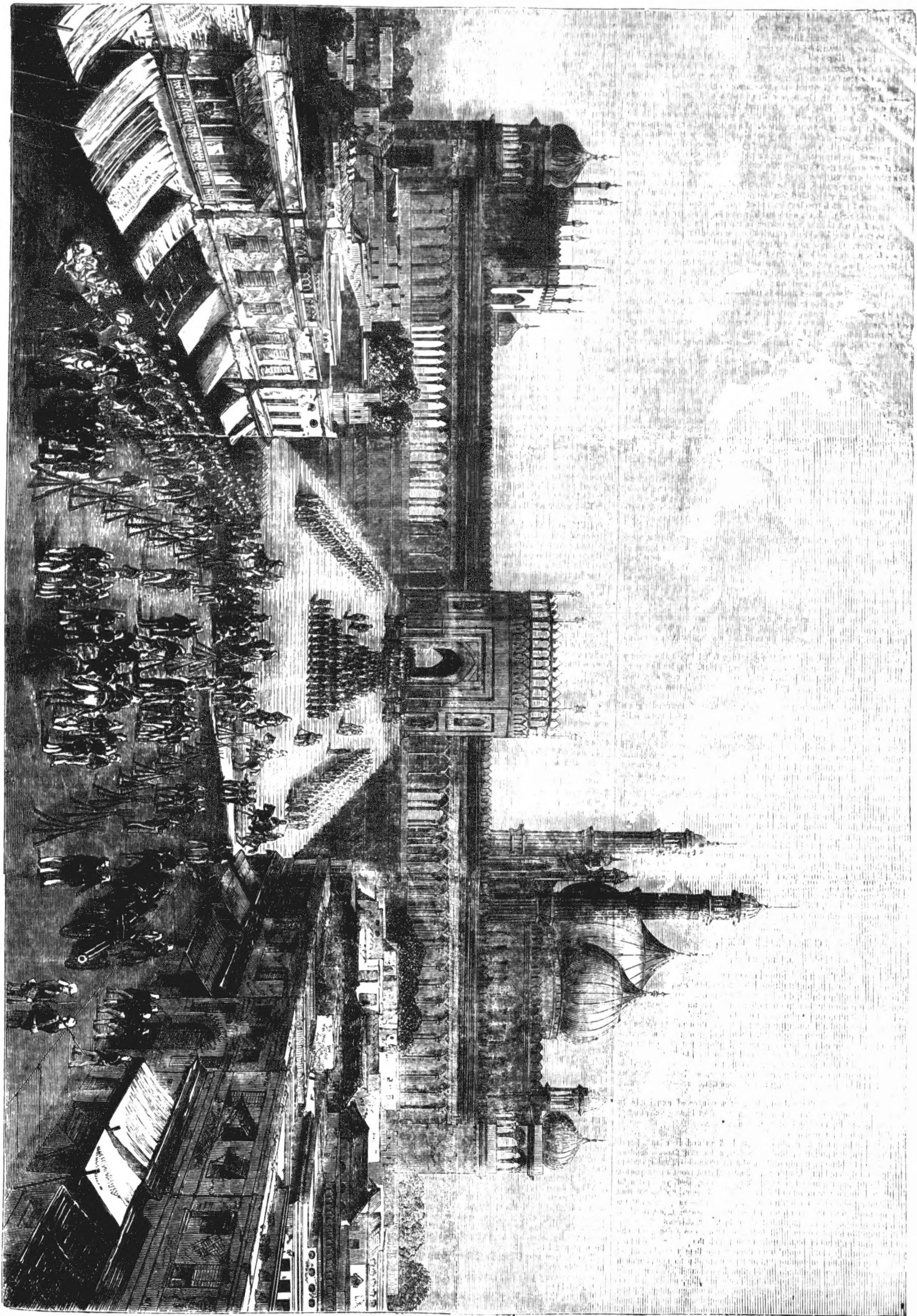
And without being at all profane, and merely remarking that laughter and fun are not quite incompatible with good-heartedness and earnest gratitude, I may add that the next day being the seventh, Skeggs went through her part of the services with unusual fidelity. You know, we may make fun of women trying to get married as much as we like, but, after all, the instinct is profounder than our own knowledge.

After which learned observation, I may add that Chaplain Graham did, on that particular Sunday, preach a sermon that, like most of his discourses, was worth listening to.

For some time past I have said little of Chaplain Graham. This abstinence has been quite intended. To write continually of a good Christian gentleman going regularly through his duties, would have involved one of two dangers—perhaps both. Either I should have become most tiresome, or you would have thought me hypocritical. So I have avoided the chaplain altogether.

But he worked hard—as hard as anybody in garrison; and whether the creed he preached was right or wrong he sent off every a p or fellow to join the majesty with a smiling face. In other words, he left many a death-bed a ter putting a half cheerful heart in its dying occupant.

His sermons would never have done at the West End, as Skeggs had more than once remarked, of course, before the mutiny had broken out. You see, there was nothing in them from a pulpit, kind of view.



INSIDE DELHI—ORDER. (See page 100.)

What was his creed?

Don't know; but should say it was generally described by the word "breath." He never had any pet argument as to "free will" or "election," or "transmission of power spiritual," or "theories of immediate or protracted punishment."

Hal—no idea. Suppose I give you a bit of his sermon on that special Sunday morning after Willymire and I had come to conclusions for the future. I will begin at the very heart of the discourse, and where Graham was warming to his work.

—And what if there are drawbacks and fresh disasters amongst us daily? Not to go beyond the example set by your brother man, do you suppose your straits have never been equalled? They have frequently been surpassed. Take no credit to yourselves for your endurance—it is simply your duty. Every man has his duty to perform—it is simply a question of the conditions under which he must perform it. We must help others, and be ourselves patient if we are to get through life creditably. What if the rum and the porter are running short in garrison?—your duty is to make the most of what remains, and be heartily glad you have had both so far. It has been whispered that some men have given it out that they shall give in with the last barrel of porter—that they can't get on without that help. I am sure such remarks are merely spoken in joke; for I trust that if the porter is running low your courage is as full to the bung as ever. (Here there was a disreputable titter, which the Rev. George magnificently passed over without any change of countenance.) I would advise you to look forward to our deliverance as children falling to sleep look forward to the bright morning—without any doubt as to its coming, and in perfect content, therefore, with the night. Hope is the very breath of life. Again—I will tell you what hope is like—

Boom—the sound came so *apropos* that it was precisely as though it said "hope" was unconquered like a cannon ball, and it had come to church to make the remark, for quite an eight-and-forty-pounder shot into the building on one side, and took its departure on the other, as though it had got into a church of a wrong way of thinking.

Sermons are capital institutions, especially where they are as simple-hearted as Chaplain Graham's; but with cannon balls coming to the morning service, with drums calling to arms, trampets sounding the alarm, and the shouting of a near enemy, the shorter sermons are out the better for the time being.

"God bless my soul!" says the chaplain, and almost before he had finished the remark the extemporized church was half empty.

Everybody appeared devoted to the motto "to work is to pray," the work taking the shape of pointing cannon, and filling the insatiable mouths of those institutions with roaring gunpowder and deadly iron.

The mutineers knew our Sundays, and judging rightly that we were less inclined to fight then than on any other day in the week, they hoped as a general rule to turn the seventh against us.

On this particular Sunday they had certainly made up their minds to reduce the garrison. For the first time they attempted to storm it.

They opened fire about ten minutes past twelve, from a new battery, and of course from all the old ones. And as the cloud of dust and smoke cleared away, after the fire from the said new battery, which was very cleverly planted against us, and of which we had no knowledge, the enemy advanced from several points at once under a fire which was simply terrific. They planted at least one enormous ladder against the bastions, of course with the intention of carrying the worn out garrison by storm.

This was the first occasion upon which the enemy ventured to storm our position, they having, as it has been said fifty times, resorted, as a rule, to the mole-like mode of warfare which is called mining.

It was very ominous, and so the garrison felt it, that the enemy had screwed their courage to the storming point. It looked very like determination in their part; and it was as well, perhaps, that the attempt to carry the garrison by actual storming was not made earlier in the siege.

Many men looked uneasily at this new shape of proceeding on the part of the enemy, for it argued much in favour of their self-confidence.

However, it need not be said they were repulsed. For hours after the action, and when Chaplain Graham was at work upon his afternoon discourse (a not very military institution, but Graham had instituted it, with the plea that it could do no harm)—for hours after the enemy could be seen bearing their wounded across the various bridges.

Our losses were not many,—one havildar and two sappers killed, and one soldier of the 3rd (Private Sam Harrison, No. 222), who lost his hand from the attention of a round shot.

(In a parenthesis, let me add, that by means of a hook in the place of that hand, Sam manages to fish a living out of that great sea, the world, and not only for himself, but for a wife &c.)

The heavy nature of the fire may be guessed by the following extract from a staff officer's diary we have already quoted:—"The shot fired in by the enemy yesterday, were collected, and 280 round shot, varying in size from a twenty-four to a 3 pounder, were gathered from the roof of the brigade mess alone."

But, 280 or no shot, the attack was repulsed.

Three more weeks to wait for Havelock.

CHAPTER CXI.

AT DELHI.

It must be within the experience of every man or woman who reads this line that he or she has frequently felt a certain calm pleasure in coming upon a well-ordered dwelling. The satisfaction is infinitely greater if the observer has been accustomed to mark the spot in question in disorder, and notorious only for discomfort.

That peculiar feeling was experienced by all men at the siege of Delhi, as they marked the city almost magically assume a condition of what I may call military peace. I grant you there is not anything very pacific in pill-dams, and square squads of men in red uniforms. But after action such a sight is almost as grateful to the eyes as to watch a good woman nursing her child in a peaceful home. Here is the programme: war and disorder—victory and order.

Looking up towards the palace, it was a source of gratitude to mark soldiers facing each other at ease, instead of facing the enemy, and arms in hands, as they had been for months.

So far, the work was done. Of course, where the English cannon had rained thickest, there ruin ghastly and unconcealable, stared you in the face. Houses had been mowed down, whole streets almost effaced—some quarters of the town appeared as though they had suffered from earthquake. Many a Delhi temple was the worse for the war, and yet even in the battered enclosure of one of these places of worship there was an air of peace—perhaps a little desolate, though—as you saw an officer ambulating over the ruins with his sword sheathed, or marked a group of red-coats, accompanied only by their side-arms.

That terrible scene was still being enacted, the following extract from an authentic letter will show; but they do not detract from the certainty that peace was once more firmly enshrined at Delhi. Says a letter writer:—"Our new quarters in Delhi was a powder manufactory in the days of the Mogul, and consequently our servants accidentally blew us up the other day, and killed one of themselves. But these little excitements are necessary. After being three months every day under fire, the change is so great that we were thinking of paying men to fire at us daily, and so let ourselves down to a quiet life by degrees. I have given me walking

about the back streets of Delhi, as yesterday an officer and myself had taken a party of twenty men out patrolling, and we found fourteen women with their throats cut from ear to ear by their own husbands. A dild laid out in their shawls. We caught a man there who said he saw them killed for fear they should fall into our hands, and showed us their husbands, who had done the best thing they could after wards, and killed themselves. I rode down to see the place. The wall and entrance are the finest parts. The interior is dirty, filthy, and in great disorder, Pandy having revelled in its cool airways. I went all over the state apartments and the harem. The latter is a curious place, and had a remarkable appearance; its floor covered with guitars, bangles, &c., and redolent of sandal wood. The fair daughters of Cashmere had their swing in the centre of their room. They had left in a great hurry; dresses, slippers, slippers were lying on all sides."

Delhi was down. As for his king, I will say not one word farther of him except this—that he was caught disguised as an old woman, and in that precious guise he appeared before a bevy of English officers. Let me rather return to the St. Maurs, and especially to Phil Effingham.

Lota had been necessarily arrested by the foul information afforded through several fakirs who had a full knowledge of the part she had played at Delhi, and who, being civilians and unarmed people, had not escaped punishment after the capture of Delhi.

A spirit of revenge had prompted the information, which, being given in legal shape the commander-in-chief had no option in the matter. As to who wrote the note which promised Lady St. Maur ultimate delivery, the less, from a military point of view, said the better.

Her own statement would be of little value to her, while both she and Clive were aware that his statement of what he saw at Delhi, after his desertion from Lucknow, would tend rather to injure than serve her.

Meanwhile, and preceding that investigation, which, beyond question, would set her free—for, guilty or not guilty, England rather shrinks from punishing female rebels—she remained under parole and lived in almost strict privacy with her husband.

She had little thought for her endangered honour; she lived but for her husband and child. Even Phil Effingham, who had done so much for her and her husband, was looked upon as intrusive if he came near her when she was occupied with the child.

Phil knew his position, and he did not grumble at it; for he knew how beautifully selfish is the love of a mother for her only child. Nay, it was out of the expression of this love, that Lota flung a few crumbs of comfort as doubtless she thought them.

"You must marry some day, Phil," said she.

They were seated in a pretty little room, she nursing Arthur, and the doctor lounging. Clive was at work, doing what could be effected in Lota's behalf.

"Hal!" said Phil, in reply.

"You know a wife halves your sorrows and doubles your joys, Phil."

"Hal!" said the doctor over again. The fact is, Jess was at the bottom of his heart, and any operation of which he was surgically the master could not cut her out.

By the time he had uttered his second "Hal!" Lota had almost forgotten Phil's presence, for the boy had woke up, and was staring at her in that wide condition which is common to young eyes just awake.

"Lotty," says Phil—pointing to Arthur—"if ever you have more of them, you must hand me over one."

"Nonsense, Effingham—marry."

"No. I made a fool of myself once, and I shan't try again. There is a revulsion of interest of mine with something, and I shouldn't know what to do with the swag after my name went to registrar, if I didn't adopt somebody's burden. Yes, Lot, if you have a family, I'll take one of them. I shall sell out, and settle near Clive."

"Why how sentimental you are to-day, Phil!"

"Sentimental? My dear Lady Clive, you're mistaken—can't be. Going out for a constitutional."

And with that remark Phil took himself off. But he certainly was getting sentimental, for before the day was out he had found a sentimental use for some of that money he did not know what to do with.

It was while he was smoking what may be described as a savage cigar that a gentleman of the Highland persuasion approached him.

"Hey—I beg pardon, sir—but let's to Doctor Effingham, o' the 3rd Regiment of the Line, I'm looking to?"

"Yes, my man," said Phil.

"I'm just Barty Henderson, o' the Highlanders."

"Hal—what then?"

"Sir, I wadna be o'er bold, but gif ye are Doctor Effingham, maybe ye ken Jessie Macfarlane, just Laddy's maid to Lady St. Maur. o' Lucknow—for though I mayna say name, I've jist heard o' your comin' frae Lucknow, and being tak' prisoner on the road."

Now, Phil's face went many odd colours at this inquiry, and hence possibly the quantity of smoke he blew up as a kind of veil.

"And what the devil am I to do with either you or your Bessie Macfarlane?"

"Just naething, sir—but as I'm Jessie's j, I reminded me I wad jist pit a word to ye about the poor lassie."

"What do you mean by her j?"

"Tis aude Scotch for sweetheart, sir."

"Oh—well, I know the woman. She's quite well—all you could wish her."

"Hey—thank ye, sir," said the Highlander, saluting. And he was turning away, when Phil called after him, "So you want to marry the girl do you?"

"Why, sir, I jist mean to marry Jessie."

"Oh! and what are you going to live upon?"

"Hey!—we—I hae thought o' something in the public-house line, sir."

"Ho! something in the public-house line, eh? In Scotland?"

Barty looked calculatively at his questioner, and then he said as weel as Scotchmen can speak, "Hey, no, sir; England will be gude enough for us."

"Well, perhaps some of these days I'll help you, for your j, as you call her. What are you grinning at, sir? I should, perhaps, say this Bessie Macfarlane seems to me a worthy sort of a woman. I'll help you—don't you say anything to your j. Confound you, sir, you're laughing again! There's my card—if ever you get to England, write to me. I may as well help you as not. Good day."

And thereupon Phil turned sharply away.

What were his thoughts?

They were worth more than the proverbial penny, for he felt more satisfied with himself than he ever remembered to be, and the general tenor of his impressions may be gained from this overheard expression of his, as he bit through a cigar and flung it away: "By Jove! if ever I rap out at sentiment again, I shall be a hypocrite."

The bearer was Clive St. Maur, who took no heed of that remarkable remark.

He was very pale and careworn.

"Phil!"

"Hallo, Clive! Why, what is the matter, man?"

"My wife is to be tried to-morrow."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

As far as the weather is concerned, we are scarcely any forwarder in the prospect of rain than we have been for weeks past. The ground is everywhere parched, and it is therefore of very little practical value to issue forth additional advice to that given in our last issue.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Still proceed with the clearing off of old crops, and prepare the ground for the several crops as mentioned in our last, so as to take advantage of the first rains. In planting out cabbages, keep them nine inches apart, drawing alternate ones for greens as they advance, leaving the others to stand through the winter. Continue to earth up celery, also cardoons for blanching. Thin summer sowings of parsley, to acquire strength to stand the winter. Gather tomatoes as they ripen, and remove shoots and leaves which may prevent the ripening of other fruit.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect seed pods of the best varieties of carnations and pinks. Sow hardy annuals, such as ten-week and other stocks, *Collinsia bicolor*, &c., either in pots or the open ground. If an increase be required of perennials, take up the earlier blooming kinds, and divide them. Out off the seed pods of rhododendrons, and water copiously, to secure a good bloom for next summer. Dutch bulbs should be selected at once, potted, and placed in a cool place in the open ground, with five or six inches of coal ashes, tan, or other material over them, to get the pots well filled with roots before the leaves are developed.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Remove and thin leaves of cherry, peach, nectarine, &c., in order to ripen the wood. Protect late fruit from wasps. In storing fruit, it should be kept in a cool, dry, and airy place, and handled as little and tenderly as possible. To be frequently looked over, and decaying fruit removed as soon as possible. Neither straw nor hay should be used, as these materials are apt to spoil the flavour.

OUR IRON CLAD FLEET.

ACCORDING to official records, we find that England's iron-clad vessels of war already afloat, and all of which have been built recently, amount to nineteen ships, of from four to forty-one guns each, and mounting in the aggregate 60 guns, of a tonnage of 71,963 tons, and of 14,762 horse power. In addition to the above, there are also twelve powerful ships now under construction, which will carry in all 256 guns, are of 43,160 tons burthen, and 9,527 horse-power. The following are the names of the ships both afloat and building, together with the number of guns, horse power, and tonnage:—

Ships.	Guns.	H.P.	Tons.	Rig.
Achilles.....	20	1,260	6,121	iron-clad ship.
Black Prince ..	41	1,260	6,109	iron-clad ship.
Oaledonia.....	25	1,000	4,125	iron-clad ship.
Defence.....	16	600	3,720	iron-clad ship.
Enterprise.....	4	160	993	iron-clad sloop.
Favourite.....	10	400	2,165	iron-clad corvette.
Hector.....	24	800	4,069	iron-clad frigate.
Minotaur.....	26	1,250	6,621	iron-clad frigate.
Ocean.....	26	1,000	4,947	iron-clad frigate.
Prince Albert ..	4	500	2,529	iron-clad cupola.
Prince Consort ..	24	1,000	4,045	iron-clad ship.
Racehorse.....	4	200	1,258	iron-clad sloop.
Resistance.....	16	600	3,710	iron-clad ship.
Royal Oak.....	25	800	4,053	iron-clad ship.
Royal Sovereign ..	5	900	3,968	iron-clad cupola.
Sharpshooter ..	6	300	868	iron-clad ship.
Valiant.....	22	800	4,066	iron-clad ship.
Warrior.....	40	1,250	8,109	iron-clad ship.
Zetland.....	20	800	3,716	iron-clad ship.
Total.....	450	14,762	71,963	
Ships.	Guns.	H.P.	Tons.	Rig.
Agincourt.....	33	1,250	6,071	iron-clad ship.
Belshazzar.....	14	1,000	4,245	iron-clad frigate.
Belvidere.....	12	600	3,027	iron-clad frigate.
Endymion.....	28	500	2,578	iron-clad frigate.
Lord Clyde.....	21	1,000	4,007	iron-clad ship.
Lord Warden.....	21	1,000	4,007	iron-clad ship.
Northumberland ..	26	1,250	6,621	iron-clad frigate.
Pallas.....	6	600	2,572	iron-clad corvette.
Republic.....	20	1,000	4,125	iron-clad ship.
Royal Alfred.....	25	800	4,045	iron-clad frigate.
Viper.....	2	167	777	dbl.-sc. iron g.-bt.
Vixen.....	2	160	160	dbl.-sc. iron-clad g.-bt.
Total.....	255	9,527	43,160	

Exclusive of the above we have also 20 other iron-clad vessels afloat, viz:—The *Albatross*, 16; *Arcturion*, 16; *Glatton*, 14; *Ironclad*, 16; *Thunder*, 24; *Thunderbolt*, 16; and *Truancy*, 16; iron-clad screw floating batteries. *Adventure*, 2; *Dromedary*, 2; *Himalaya*, 6; *Vigilance*, 6; *Orontes*, 2; *Simoom*, 4; *Pamir*, 2; *Urgent*, 4; and *Volcan*, 6; iron screw troop-ships. *Antelope*, 3; *Sann*, *Bloodhound*, 3; *Caradoc*, 3; *Dover*, *Fire Queen*, *Harpy*, 1; *Jacal*, 4; *Lizard*, 3; *Oberon*, 3; *Princess Alice*, 1; *Recruit*, 6; *Triton*, 3; and *Weese*, 6; iron paddle vessels. *Buffalo*, 2; *Hesper*, 4; *Industry*, 2; *Supply*, 2; and *Wye*, 2; iron screw store ships. *Chasseur*, iron screw floating factory; *Fairy*, iron screw yacht; *Manilla*, iron screw vessel, and *Trident*, 3, iron paddle sloop.

A SELECT OF THE GRAND ARMY.—The Marquis de Grouchy, whose death has just been recorded, was seventy-six years of age. He commenced his career of arms under his father, and made the campaigns of Prussia, Poland, and Italy in 1800. He was colonel at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. After a long exile with his father he was named inspector of cavalry, a post which he held for several years. He was one of the first who was called to the Senate when that great body of the State was reorganized. The marquis had a brother who was, like himself, a general of cavalry, and who died some months ago. The deceased leaves one son who is a pupil at the staff school.—*Glasgow*.

MARACAS FARE.—The great dinner given at St. Sebastian on the occasion of the inauguration of the North of Spain Railway was supplied by the firm of Potel and Chambor, of Paris, and is said to have cost £3,000 (£3000). According, however, to the director of the *Figaro*, who was present, the guests were but poorly entertained for the money expended by the railway company. M. Osmann, the head of the firm of Potel and Chambor, now writes a letter to the above-named journal, in which he explains in extenuation:—1. That the tables, which were to be ready on the previous day, were not ready until ten o'clock on the morning of the dinner; 2. That the provisions only arrived in the same train which conveyed the guests from Paris; 3. That Don Francis d'Assis, who was to arrive at two, the hour fixed for the banquet, took his place at table at a quarter to one; 4. That extra covers were ordered on the eve of the day, and not even a goat's-skin of wine could be obtained in the town; 5. That twelve women sent by the notabilities of the town to wait on Don Francis and the representatives of the Paris press, only served to obstruct the waiters from Paris; 6. And, lastly, that Don Francis arose from the table before the roast meat had to be served, and the dessert and coffee had to be served before a trousseau could be

Holywell-street, Strand, London.

